A HORSE THAT UNDRESSES AND GOES TO BED.

(See page 54.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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No. 7. VOL. II.—MAY, 1899.

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3D NET.

BEECHAMS PILLS

ARE SUCH

GOOD LITTLE THINGS

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Pomp.

'Give me Health and a Day, and
I will make the Pomp of Emperors Ridiculous.'—*Emerson.*

"As an illustration of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and SLUGGISH LIVER and its concomitant BILIOUS HEADACHES so affected him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico.* I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING, SOOTHING, PURIFYING, and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."—(*From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.*)

Experience.

'We gather the Honey of Wisdom
From Thorns, not from Flowers.'—*Lytton.*

HOW TO AVOID

THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE all BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A WORLD of WOES is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

THE VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CANNOT BE TOLD.

Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand, proves it.

Its effect upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, FEVERISH condition or FEVERISH COLD, is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a necessity to every Modern Toilet.

ORDER.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece wishes six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent immediately.

TESTIMONIAL.

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece says Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, "Harlene" for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.

Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) **4/6** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

10/6 10/6

Allen Foster & Co

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

THE "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES AND MANTLES ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.

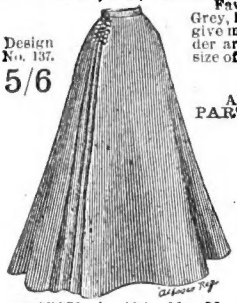
Buy Direct by Parcel Post from the Leading Firm of London Costumiers.

Design No. 94. 10/6

Design No. 94. Half a Guinea.
Design No. 94 is a truly marvellous creation. As a Costume it stands unrivalled in point of value, style, and appearance—acknowledged everywhere the **Best Half-Guinea Costume of the Season.** It is produced in the excellent **Venetian Cloth** or in the **Specialite Serge**—two grand cloths, unsurpassed for wear and durability. It is a **Velvet-trimmed** Costume, with bodice and sleeves lined. It has a pretty pleated front, and fits tight to the figure. The Skirt is cut full and is well made. Truly marvellous value, and only 10/6, costume complete; carriage paid 6d. extra. The Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage 1s. extra.

Design No. 94. 10s. 6d.

Design No. 137. 5/6



Design No. 137. Half a Guinea.
Design No. 97 is a smart and fashionable **Chesterfield** Coat and Skirt. It consists of a Tailor-made Single-breasted Coat, with velvet collar and full, well-made Skirt. This smart Costume is made in the smooth-faced **Venetian Cloth** or in the famous **Specialite Serge** for 10/6, costume complete; carriage paid 6d. extra. The Skirt alone can be had for 5/6; carriage 6d. Colours in either cloth are Black, Navy, Electric, Blue Grey, Myrtle, Brown, Fawn, Bronze Green, Moss, Dark, Grey, Purple. When ordering, please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside, size of waist, and length of Skirt in front.

ALL PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS POST FREE.

Design No. 137. 5s. 6d.
The Costume Skirt of the Season, and the latest design. Tailor-cut skirt, plenty of fulness with inverted pleats at back, laced up with cord at top in the latest fashion as shown in the sketch. Made in the two grand cloths, the **Specialite Serge** and the **Venetian Cloth.** Price only 5/6. Carriage, 5d. extra.

DESIGN No. 137. 10s. 6d. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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DESIGN No. 97, 10s. 6d.

A Special Line of **Ladies' Costume Skirts,** in Black & Navy Serge lined throughout. Price only **3/11**; carriage 6d.

THE "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES.

ALLEN FOSTER & Co., The London Manufacturers, 17, ROSCOE STREET, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

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SPRING AND SUMMER PATTERNS.

Suits, 35/6. Trousers, 9/6. To Order.

Carriage Paid.

The New Spring and Summer Patterns are now ready This Season's Patterns are very fine and most effective—Rich in Colours, Tony in Style and Character, Fast Colours, and Shrunk. For hard, honest wear they have no equal.

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(Carriage Paid.)

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The highest possible Testimonials from all classes as to Fit and Finish. We are not slop or Factory Tailors ; everything is Cut and Made by Experienced Workmen to Order only.

Patterns sent Free with Self-measuring Forms, &c., on application to

D. TOWELL,
Royal Avenue, Belfast, and Larne.

Bankers—BELFAST BANKING Co., Ltd.

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MANHU Regd.

Made from **MANHU** FLOUR, a happy medium between the impoverished white flour, which is robbed of its best nutriment, and the now common Germ flour, which is overloaded with offals from the white flour. No mixture can possibly be as useful as that of the constituents in wheat made by Nature.

Ask your Baker for **MANHU** BREAD, or send 6d. in stamps for Sample Loaf to **London Depot, 88, Charing Cross Road, W.C.**

MADE BY ALL GOOD BAKERS FROM "MANHU" FLOUR.

MANUFACTURERS:—
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Wholesale Agent for MANHU Flour in London & Suburbs,
VICTORIA GRANARIES, BATTERSEA, S.W.

Southall's Patent Boots.

We are the sole manufacturers of two lines of boots for men.

Southall's Patent Boots, without laces and without seams, are made only by us.

"Thor" brand of boots, superior lace boots and shoes, are made only by us.

Those men who seek a change from lace and button boots will find not only a change, but more comfort and satisfaction in Southall's Patent Boots than they have ever enjoyed before.

The inconvenience of laces breaking, and seams bursting, is entirely done away with.

Moreover trousers hang with more grace over Southall's Patent Boots than over lace or button boots; and leggings may be worn, there being no possibility of water running down into the boots.

Southall's Patent Boots are at once dressy and comfortable.

No matter, however, whether you order Southall's Patent Boots or "Thor" Boots, you have the advantage of buying direct from the manufacturers. That advantage means a saving of 30 per cent. in price, boots made to measure and to fit you, and made by men who are skilled in the selection of leather, and in making boots for men only.

Sample pair of Southall's Patent Boots, 14s. 6d.

Sample pair of "Thor" Boots, 14s. 6d.

Postage extra:
6d. British Isles.
2s. Europe.
3s. 6d. South Africa, Australia, South America, India, and other distant points.

Write to-day for our new Catalogue and Self-measurement form.

Please mention this paper.

Southall & Co.,
Boot Experts, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.
No. 129.

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A JEWEL OF A PEN

The CALTON Stylographic Pen is the best because it is the simplest, most durable, holds more ink, and writes easier than a lead pencil, does not leak, and can be carried in any position. Sent complete for **3s.**, post free. **JEWEL FOUNTAIN PEN,** with 16ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, chased holder, **5s.**; mounted, **7s. 6d.**

DEPT A: JEWEL PEN CO., 58, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

LOST IN THE WASH.

A GARMENT WORTH 10/9

which might have been saved had it simply been marked with

MATHER'S NIGRINE.

A Jet Black Marking Fluid, for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. **Will not injure the most delicate Fabric.** Every bottle guaranteed. **Of all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Bottle.** Sample sent on receipt of 13 stamps.

MANUFACTURED BY

W. MATHER, Ltd., Dyer Street, MANCHESTER.

APPEARANCE !

The Fine Art of the Toilet Simplified, and Beautiful Heads of Hair ensured by the use of

Moore's Patent "ITA" Hair Fastener.

The most completely satisfactory fastener yet invented. No knots to tie or untie. The hair can be securely fastened in a moment, and will remain firm and tidy until taken down. Ladies wearing Moore's "Ita" Hair Fastener do not undergo the uncomfortable experience of loose or straggly hair while Cycling, Golfing, Dancing, &c. Will not injure or break the hair, and consequently promotes and encourages growth.

CAUTION.—Substitutes, such as elastic, combs, wire, &c., may be offered you, but insist on an "**ITA**" Hair Fastener.

Of all best Drapers and Hairdressers, 6d. each, or sent direct on receipt of value in stamps.

EDWIN MOORE (*Patentee*), **Priory Rd., Aston Birmingham.**

Keep out of the Wet

but if you get wet or catch cold, or cough, or have any trouble with your lungs or vocal organs, use Geraudel's Pastilles. Six dozen in a tube for **1/1½**. Of all Chemists.

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

LIVERPOOL,

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Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.

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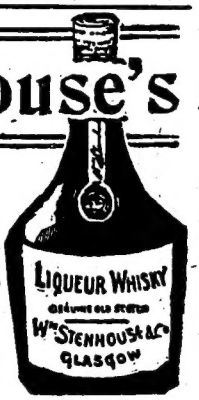

"A singularly pure spirit of peculiar softness and mellowness of flavour."—*Lancet.*

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CROWN LAVENDER·SALTS·SOAP.

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(BY·ROYAL·LETTERS·PATENT)

SUPERSEDES TOILET AMMONIA

DELIGHTFUL·FOR·TOILET·AND·BATH·

Crown Perfumery Co.

AVOID IMITATIONS

THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS

IN CROWN STOPPERED BOTTLES ONLY.

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS
For the Crowded Concert.

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For the Clergyman's Study.

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CROWN LAVENDER SALTS
For Refreshment at All Times.

REFUSE SPURIOUS AND DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

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THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.

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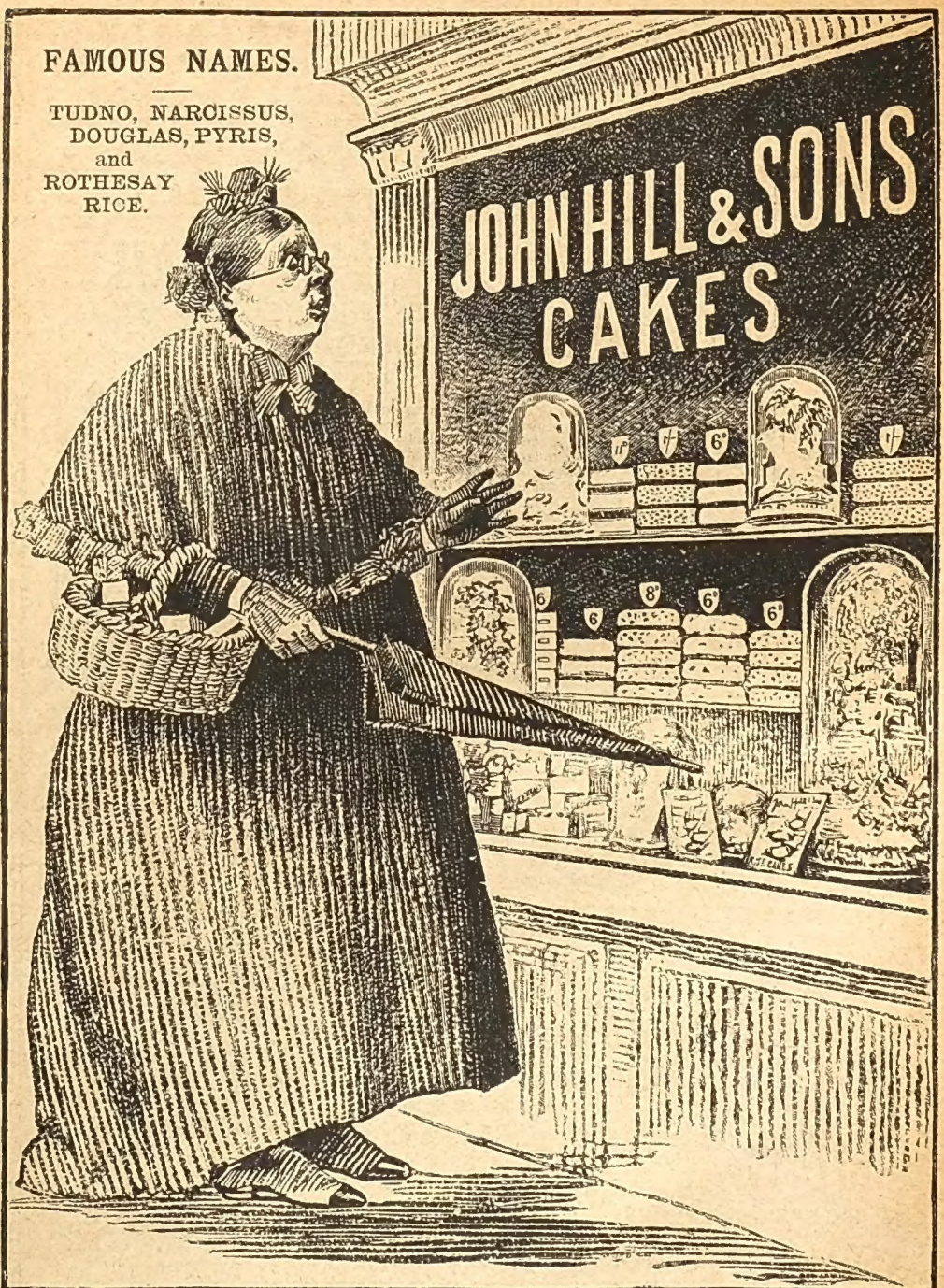
DOUGLAS, PYRIS,
and
ROTHESAY
RICE.



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JOHN HILL & SON'S RICH CAKES AND PLUM PUDDINGS.
Sold by Grocers and Stores throughout the World.
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"In the Front Rank of really Valuable Foods."—*Lancet.*
"Undoubted purity and strength."—*Medical Magazine.*

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

FAVOURED BY THE HOMES & HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

TEREZOL REGD.

CAN'T TALK,

but it tells its own tale wherever Furniture is polished with it.

A FREE SAMPLE will be sent to any lady kind enough to write and willing to make a trial.

Address:

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TEREZOL BOOT PASTES
FOR
CLACE KID AND BROWN BOOTS
are unrivalled.

Sold by all good Bootmakers

PASS-WORD?
"DOCTORS SPECIAL!"

Admitted . . Everywhere as the Medical Whisky . of . The World.

ROB^T Mc NISH & Co.
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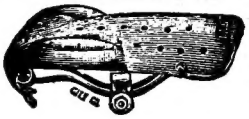
WIRE CYCLE SADDLE

(WOODS' PATENT).

These Saddles are now fitted with a Patent Wrought Steel Clip. Weight of Saddle greatly reduced.

NO MORE CHAFING. AN IDEAL SADDLE FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

Fitted with Leather Cover.



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One Month's Trial Allowed.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED

STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying ONE TON AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

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GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ... **30/-**

No. 2—Double Bed Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 50lbs. ... **37/6**

No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins, weighing 55lbs. ... **41/3**

No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs. **48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d. PER LB.** The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

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A REVOLUTION IN THE PRICE OF WHITE SHIRTS.

Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2/6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

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No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per ½-dozen. Also the "CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front and one stud-hole and large square cuff not reversible, at the same price, **3/9** each.

WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT!!

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Miss WHITLING writes (19/8/97): "Cannot say enough about their comfort." Mr. MASON writes (21/6/98): "*Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since.*"

Enclose Length Walking Shoe.

Quality (colour Brown)—	Prices—post free. Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather Soled Shoes (superior	3/6	4/-	4/6
Rubber Shoes (Brown)	—	3/-	3/6

2d. per pair off 3 pairs at one order. *Post free in Great Britain, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity supplied.*

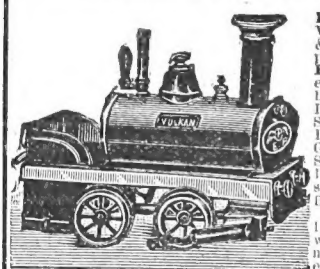
PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95b, Bath St., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES.

ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Immense Stock Ladies' and Gent's New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments, from **10/-** monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee. *Illus. Price List post free on application.* Old bicycles exchanged.—THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., LTD., 221, Tottenham Court Road, London.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS.



This Brass **Steam Locomotive,** with Whistle, Safety Valve, &c., &c., at **10/-**, forms part of a complete **Toy Railway System,** each part of which can be bought separately. Rails, Switch Points, Signal Boxes, Stations, Bridges, Crossing Gates, &c. Either for Steam or Clockwork. Interesting and Instructive Presents for Boys.

Send 1d. for large Illustrated Catalogue with 100 Illustrations, nothing but Toys (Scientific and otherwise) and Games. Post Free.

WILES' BAZAAR, 38, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

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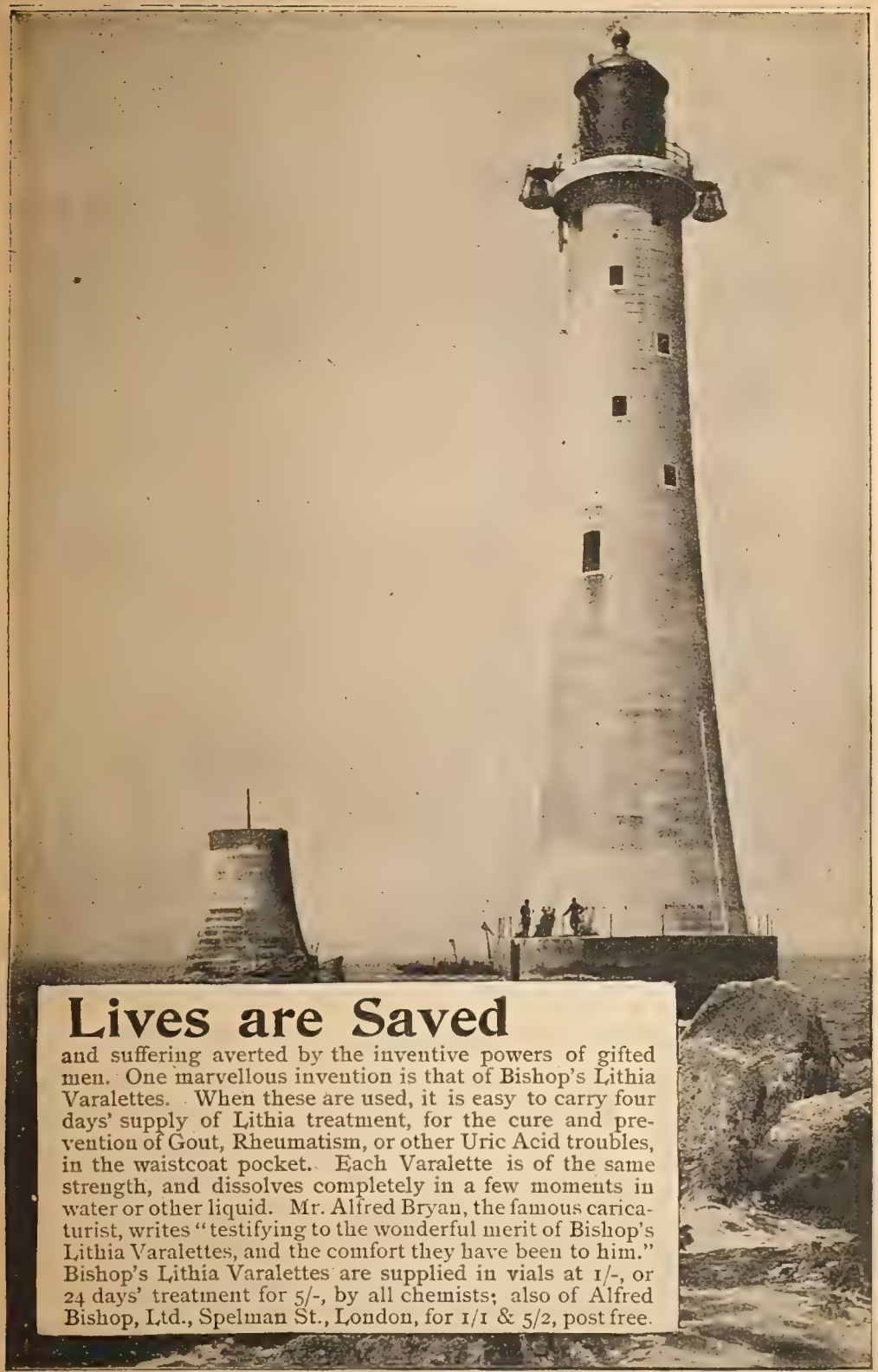

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and suffering averted by the inventive powers of gifted men. One marvellous invention is that of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes. When these are used, it is easy to carry four days' supply of Lithia treatment, for the cure and prevention of Gout, Rheumatism, or other Uric Acid troubles, in the waistcoat pocket. Each Varalette is of the same strength, and dissolves completely in a few moments in water or other liquid. Mr. Alfred Bryan, the famous caricaturist, writes "testifying to the wonderful merit of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes, and the comfort they have been to him." Bishop's Lithia Varalettes are supplied in vials at 1/-, or 24 days' treatment for 5/-, by all chemists; also of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Spelman St., London, for 1/1 & 5/2, post free.

Advertisement by F. W. Sears, from a photo by Frith & Co.

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CHEST DISEASES,

Shortness of Breath,

BLOOD SPITTING.

Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE, LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a

PERMANENT CURE

is assured.

I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results, and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one

Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have **suffered for 30 years,** and more, though in advanced years—say 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from

COLD FEET.

PAUL WEIDHAAS, Pulmonary Institute,

39 T.P., YORK ROAD, HOVE, BRIGHTON.

SEVERE CASE OF CHRONIC BRONCHITIS CURED.

"Your cure has done wonders for me. I feel quite a new man. I do not have any of those drowsy and languid feelings, no bad taste in the morning, do not spit any phlegm, do not have any thumping of the heart as I used to, can enjoy my food, do not have any pain after eating, nor the drawing pains through the chest and shoulders, which always troubled me and caused me to stoop; also the tightness on the chest and the dreadful shortness of breath have gone; and I owe everything to your cure. My friends tell me I should have been a dead man before now if something had not been done for me.

"OWEN DEACON, Hurst."
(Full address on application.)

Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

£1,000

to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine extracts from letters of patients. The original letters may be seen at his Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

45/- THE GRAMA 45/-

SNAPSHOT CAMERA.

CASH OR EASY INSTALMENTS.

With this latest invention in Photography **a mere boy or girl** may practise this most elevating and refining art. The **"GRAMA"** is a High-class Camera, taking any Picture the most expensive Camera will take. It has a splendid Single Combination Landscape Lens, a Time and Instantaneous Shutter, and **a newly invented screen,** upon which **the full picture** is shown right up to pressing the trigger **No mistakes are possible.**

Take your own Portraits, Family Groups, Scenes, &c.

Price **45/-**; payable **10/-** deposit, and **7/6** per month till paid for.

Write for **full particulars** to—

THE "GRAMA" CAMERA COMPANY,

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GIVES UNQUALIFIED SATISFACTION.

COMFORT. . .

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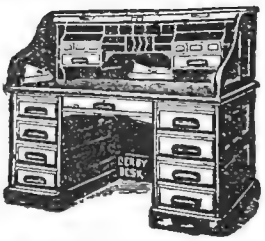

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The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

Sale Price **2/-** **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

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CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	...	4 11	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16 6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	...	6 -	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	19 -
6 ft. by 9 ft.	...	7 6	12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	...	9 -	9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19 6
6 ft. by 12 ft.	...	10 6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	22 -
9 ft. by 9 ft.	...	11 -	12 ft. by 15 ft.	...	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	...	13 6	18 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30 -
9 ft. by 12 ft.	...	15 -	12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Ramsden, Chorlbury, 4/3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

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Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

HEARTHRUGS

Sale Price **5/6**

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

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Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the Royal Velvet Hearth rugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

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Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down :—

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4½ ft. by 7 ft.	11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.	38/-
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6 ft. by 6 ft.	Sale Price 5 3	9 ft. by 9 ft.	Sale Price 12 4	12 ft. by 12 ft.	Sale Price 22/-
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	" 6 9	9 ft. by 10½ ft.	" 14 6	9 ft. by 15 ft.	" 20/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.	" 8 3	9 ft. by 12 ft.	" 16 6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	" 24/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.	" 10 4	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	" 19 3	12 ft. by 15 ft.	" 27/6

Our **MANOLINE HEARTHRUGS** can be had to match, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., at **2/9** each.

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DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

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Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. This goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.	Each.	Size.	Each
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6 ft. by 7½ ft.	3 11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.	4 9	12 ft. by 12 ft.	12 9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.	5 11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	14 6
9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.	15 9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	8 6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.	9,6	12 ft. by 21 ft.	22/6

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A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug Regd., to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

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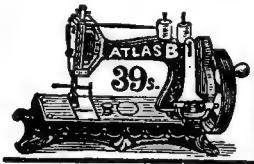

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Quickly remove this condition, bring back the ruddy glow and blush of health to the pale sickly-looking face, and transform a delicate girl into a strong well-developed woman.

Many thousands of totally unsolicited Testimonials have been received from the United Kingdom, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, The Transvaal, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, and various parts of Europe.

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21/- Carr. Paid. **PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS** **21/- Carr. Paid.**

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Where the System has run down, where the Energies are weak, the Spirits low, and Strength and Vigour are lacking; when Food fails to nourish, and Eating and Digestion are pains to be avoided, there and then it is that Guy's Tonic is seen at its best. It gives such immediate relief, it does such permanent good, and enables the System to re-acquire such Strength and Vigour—New Life, in fact—that those who take Guy's Tonic in their hour of need are, and always have been, its warmest friends.

"Stronger than Ever."

"Station Head, Lochgelly.

"I am writing to let you know that having "tried Guy's Tonic I find myself stronger than "ever. "E. RAMSEY."

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"6, Mill Row, Faversham.

"These last five months I have been unable to "do any work whatever, and for over three years "I have been wasting away with a horrible "Cough. After taking six doses of Guy's Tonic I "have been making rapid strides to recovery. I "can now walk about quite briskly, whereas "before it was a trouble for me to get downstairs."

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Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle, is on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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Prevents and Cures

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by supplying the stomach with its natural Digestive Agent.

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In Dainty and Fashionable Tints

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EVERY LADY MUST HAVE A DRESS OF IT.

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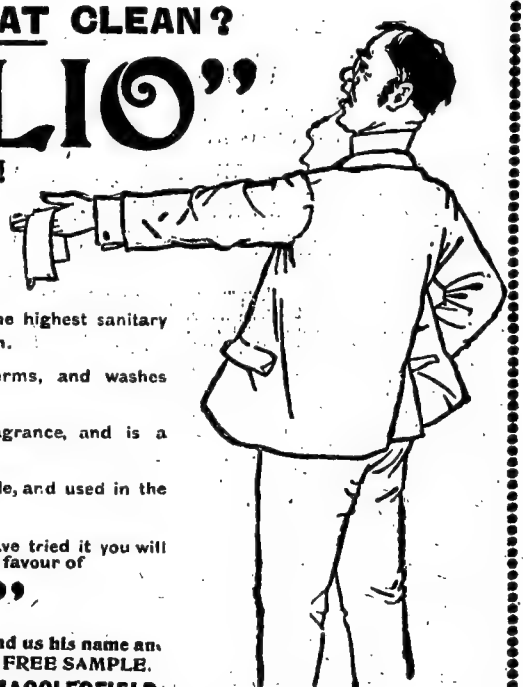
Why don't you use **"VOLIO"**

The Sanitary Washer! The Perfect Cleanser!

Clothes washed with "VOLIO" are **spotlessly clean,** and of delightful freshness and fragrance.



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Overcomes all dirt, destroys disease germs, and washes everything—Clothes, Paint, &c.

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Colours—Suitable for all occasions.

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Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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"Scotland,
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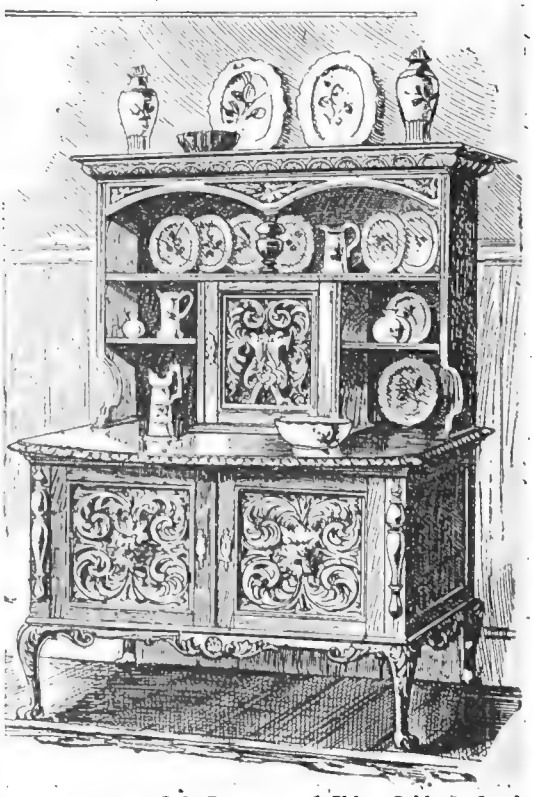
Fancy Drawing-room Occasional Seats, polished dark mahogany colour, and upholstered in art velveteen and finished with brass nails; any shape—heart, spade, clubs, or diamond, **4/9** each.

Very Handsome Carved Antique Oak Bureau, fitted with one long and three short drawers and cupboard, the flap, when open, forming a writing slab, and interior fitted with small drawers and pigeon-holes for stationery, 3 ft. wide, **£4 10 0**



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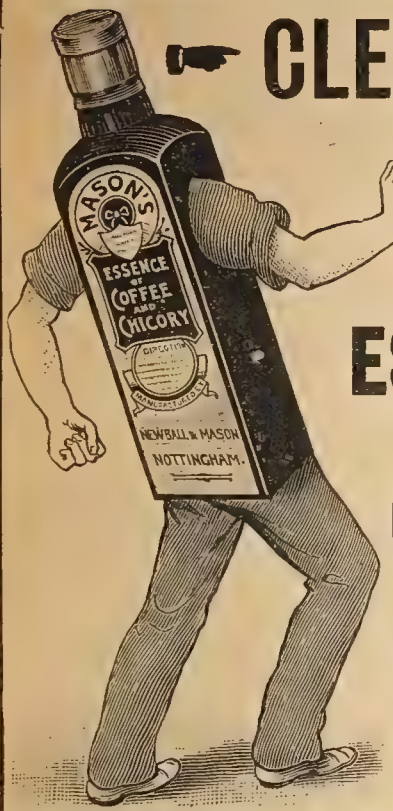

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An agreeable, stimulating, and sustaining beverage. Instantly prepared and most economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical profession. Of all grocers and stores, or a sample bottle post free for **9** stamps.

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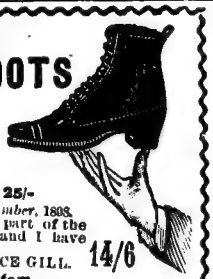

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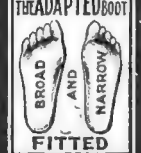

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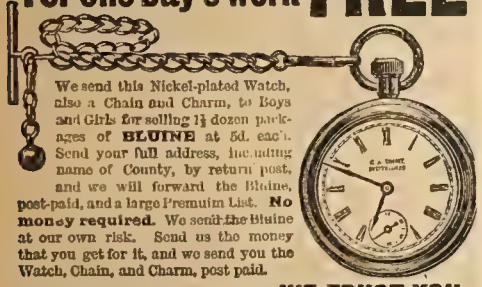

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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THE HORSE BROKE INTO A TERRIFIED GALLOP.

(See page 16.)

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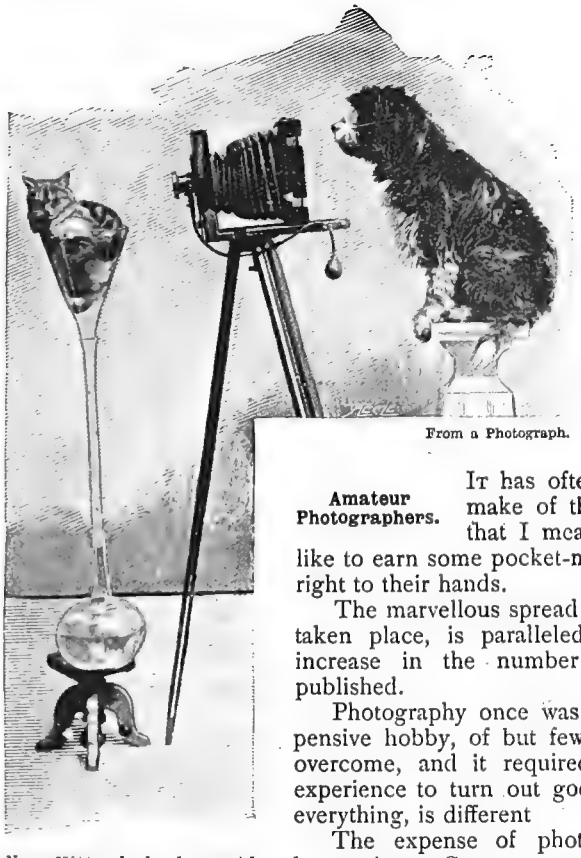

Now, Kitty, look pleasant!

From a Photograph.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

Amateur Photographers.

It has often struck me how little real use people make of their cameras. By use I frankly admit that I mean how frequently people, who would like to earn some pocket-money, fail to take advantage of a means right to their hands.

The marvellous spread of photography, which has of late years taken place, is paralleled curiously enough by the wonderful increase in the number of illustrated magazines which are published.

Photography once was the hobby, and a comparatively expensive hobby, of but few. All manner of difficulties had to be overcome, and it required considerable skill and considerable experience to turn out good work. Now everything, or almost everything, is different

The expense of photography can be reduced to a very low point. Cameras capable of producing excellent pictures can be bought for a matter almost of shillings. The plates or the films—as the type of an individual camera may chance to be—are extraordinarily cheap.

Difficulties, too, have melted. "Press the button and we will do the rest," a certain firm delights to advertise. In a sense their boast is accurate. Press the button or touch a spring at the right moment and at the right subject, and in due course a wonderfully good photograph can be exhibited by you as your very own.

The photographer—and, of course, I am directing my remarks entirely to amateurs—who takes a real and true interest in his hobby, will not be content merely to press a button and allow a company to do the rest. The difficulties of the dark room only exist for him to overcome. They are the essence of his pleasure. The photograph he exhibits is his in every sense, for he has exposed the plate or film, has developed it, has printed the picture, and has toned and fixed it. Every phase in the series of processes may call for the exercise of his skill, and an expert at a glance can gauge that skill.

The aim of such photographers is, as a rule, to turn out a photograph which is a picture which has in the choice of subject, the treatment of the subject, and in its composition and lighting all the essentials of an excellent painting.

Far be it from me to decry such endeavour. It should be the chief aim of any one and every one who possesses a camera. Only—and herein I lay aside all question of art in favour of utility—there is quite another class of work to which an amateur may, with considerable profit to himself, pay a little attention.

Magazines and the Camera.

The fact of the matter is that the advent of the illustrated magazine has furnished the amateur photographer with a splendid market for his triumphs.

Yet, as I have already remarked, how few people really recognise this, or if they do recognise it, how woefully few take the trouble to consider what

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class of photography magazine editors chiefly require.

I can speak with some authority on this, for I have had the opportunity of seeing a good deal of photography and of this magazine—and others for that matter—from behind "the Editor's chair." I know the class of photographs he gets, and I know what he wants. Alas, I know how different the two are.

The magazine editor sets no limit on the excellence of the photographs he gets. The better they are the better he is pleased. But photographs which are beautiful examples, whether of landscape or of life studies, have for him their limits of utility. They serve to illustrate my particular pages and form a section in this magazine, which I believe is distinctly popular. They serve a like purpose on some other magazines, although photographs of celebrities or of famous pictures are preferred by many editors.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor!

Now, there is another class of photograph that magazine editors are ever on the look out for, which will bring the fortunate photographer a more ample remuneration than any life study.

Illustrated Articles.

MAGAZINES are overwhelmed with fiction—good, bad, and indifferent. They are bombarded, too, with ideas—all sorts and conditions of ideas—for articles, the majority of which are impossible, either because of their lack of interest or originality, or because of the difficulty of illustrating them. What editors want and what they have endless trouble in getting is a series of photographs illustrating in themselves a subject suitable for an article.

I am almost tempted to say that the article is of secondary importance. Really and truly it is. Given a set of photographs an editor will know half a dozen competent authorities who can write him an article on the subject of the photographs. But given the article he may find immense difficulty in obtaining the photographs.

Here then is surely a splendid field. Works of art in the sense of excellent composition and so on are not asked for. All that is wanted is that each photograph of the series should be sharp and distinct, so that it can be easily reproduced in print.

Half developed, under exposed, partially fogged negatives are utterly useless; and in this respect the editor demands the exercise of some skill on the part of the photographer. They must be clear and plain, with as sharp contrasts of light and shade as possible.

The usual Proceeding.

THE one great point, apart from the photographs being properly taken, is that they should form a complete and interesting series.

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Photo by J. Lee Syms.

"I WANTS TO SEE THE WHEELS GO WOUND!"

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Photo by Photochrome Co.

The Village Stepping Stones.

Let me explain myself. Armed with an excellent hand camera a traveller reaches—where shall I say?—Ceylon, for the sake of argument. Generally he—or it may be a lady—goes over the usual tourist tracks, and takes a number of pictures, the subject of everyone of which is to be found at the principal photograph shops. There are small groups of natives doing nothing in particular. One or two pictures are of huts. The vegetation and the graceful foliage comprise a few more efforts. A temple or two, and a catamaran, and, of course, the steamer he is travelling by, finish up the batch of films the tourist has—wasted.

It amounts to this, from the point of view of trying subsequently to dispose of them. No editor wants them. They illustrate nothing in particular so far as the habits of the natives are concerned, and the general public have a most limited relish for views merely of scenery, or huts, or temples.

They may serve excellently to refresh the traveller's mind and recall the various spots he has visited. Here and there there may be an interesting or curious picture. But viewed as a whole the collection is nothing more than a quantity of disconnected snapshots.

If he is a rich man, our photographic traveller will have the set handsomely framed. Under such circumstances they may be ornamental, but there is only a remote probability of their being useful.

I know the sort of pictures they are. You see one of some peculiar custom and perhaps another, and, just when you are interested and would like to see more on the same subject, it is changed to a bullock waggon or banana tree that might be anything or anywhere.

The Proper Method.

The more wary traveller who wishes to reap some substantial pecuniary benefit from the camera he carries, sets about his work in a very different style.

He makes his pictures tell connected and interesting narratives in sets or series, say, of six in number.

He is aware of a curious custom, or he observes one, and he proceeds to photograph that one custom in its different stages. It may result in a set of pictures which illustrate articles that would be entitled "How the Sinhalese bury their Dead," or "A Native Wedding in Ceylon," or "How the Sinhalese Cook their Food."

I am only hazarding subjects haphazard, in order to make myself understood, and it does not follow that the articles I have instanced would be of any interest to anybody. They are merely given as examples.

They illustrate what I mean, for a very little reflection on the part of any one who

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"IN A CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION."

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Photo by Lafayette.

ONE OF THE CLASSES.

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reads any of the illustrated magazines must convince him of the wisdom of what I am suggesting.

What it amounts to is "Don't generalise." It is a bad practice at any time. It is a bad practice with a camera.

Of course I may be treading on the toes of those who have no other thought for their cameras but love of photography. As I have said, I am not addressing them. But if you want to earn something, and something substantial too, set about the affair after the manner of our imaginary traveller in Ceylon.

Now let it be thoroughly understood that what applies to our touring friend applies equally well at home in England.

There are any quantity of subjects upon which articles can be, will be, and probably are being written, with illustrations taken from photographs. A glance at the various magazines will demonstrate this.

The success of the photographer lies, of course, in so selecting the subject of each photograph that it is interesting and, moreover, helps the reader to appreciate the text of the article. The idea for the article in the first place is quite another matter. That may come as a flash of genius, or an inspiration; or it may be suggested by some individual or some incident. I am only discussing the cooking of the hare after it has been caught.

Finally there is one other little wrinkle I am willing to give any enterprising possessor of a camera. No editor will accept a "faked" photograph—that is to say one which simply makes the camera lie. If a picture purports to represent a specific incident, such as a snapshot of the Queen in her private grounds, whilst in reality it is not the Queen, then a distinct fraud is being perpetrated on the public.

If, however, a photographer wishes to illustrate a peculiar custom, for instance, and finds it impossible to get proper photographs during the actual ceremony, it is quite open to him afterwards to arrange special sittings as it were. What he wants are pictures which illustrate the peculiarity of the custom, and his getting the actual people to go through the performance for the purpose of being photographed is perfectly legitimate, and indeed is often the only way in which the article could be illustrated photographically.

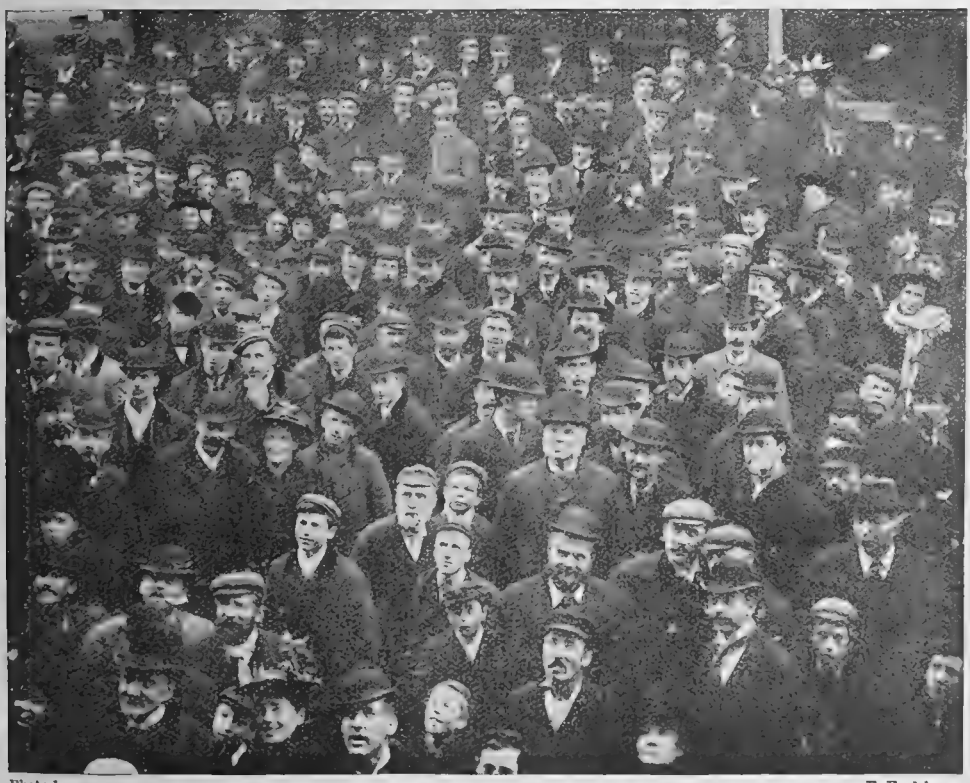

Photo by F. Foulsham.

Some of the Masses.

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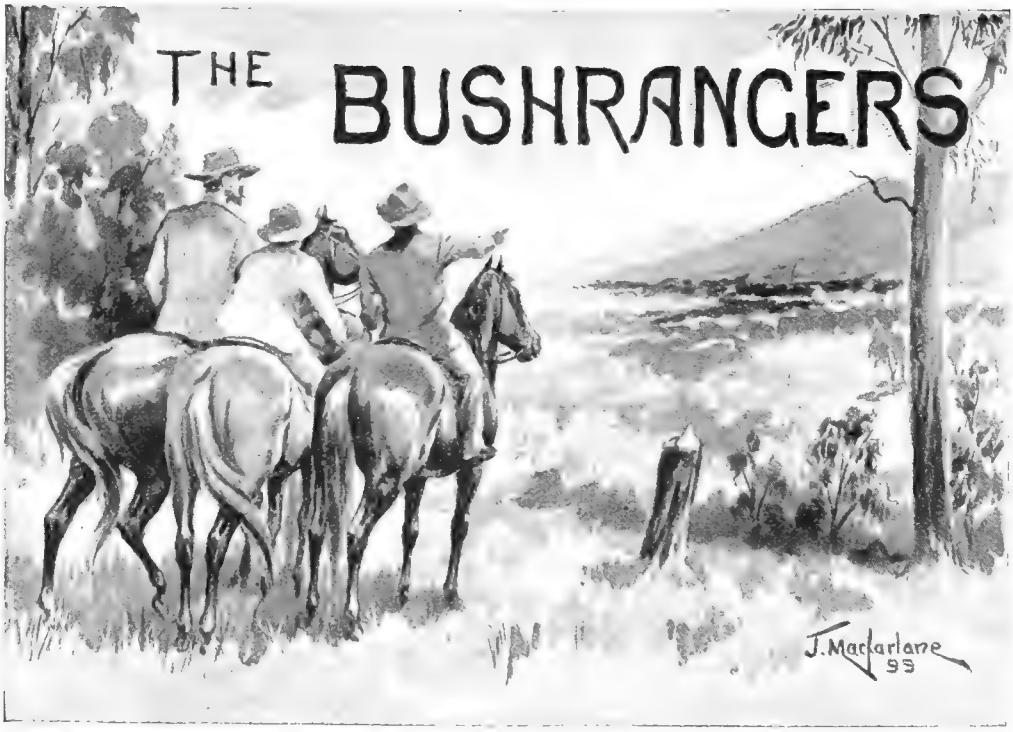

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. I.—THE ESCAPE.

One sweltering summer day in far Tasmania, nearly fifty years ago, two assigned convicts trudged slowly at the tail of a mob of cattle as it descended from the edge of a long spur down towards a creek where a midday halt might be made. The elder of the two men was still comparatively young. His height, his breadth of shoulder, his whole carriage stamped him at a glance as of immense physical strength. Despite his tanned skin and rugged appearance, he was distinctly a handsome man with that peculiar and indescribable something, which even under such debasing circumstances suggested that he had once been a gentleman. Curiously enough, the same might have been noticed of his yet younger companion.

It matters little enough what brought these two within reach of the law and led to the horror of transportation. It would only serve to bring two good old English names face to face with sad remembrances. Rather let their stories lie in the darkness of what is past—nearly fifty years past. Suffice that in the case of the younger man some act of indiscretion, some mad impulse of fierce temptation, had set the iron wheels of fate grinding, until "Edward O'Dare," the gay, generous, laughter-loving, young Irish doctor, found himself a convicted felon awaiting the transport that would take him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

What happened to him had happened to the other—Jack Garnet they called him—with the difference that sentence of the latter was the more severe. The exigencies of circumstances had drawn the two men to a gradual friendship. For awhile in the floating hell that had brought them over to the colony and again in the seething horrors of Port Arthur, they had avoided each other. They were both "gentlemen convicts," and some remnant of pride stiffened each to a fierce prejudice, until it was generally concluded that they hated each other. Perhaps it was this fact that led to their eventually finding themselves assigned servants of Colonel Rice. The result was contrary to official expectation, for away on the lonely back

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boundaries of the run they had come to know and to care for each other.

Stumbling and striding slowly on, the two men passed down the hillside to the creek. At length they reached a clump of bush, and, leaving the cattle to open out on to the flat and wander along the bank, they proceeded to light a fire and boil a billy.

Their repast was scanty in the extreme, and presently they were sitting enjoying the one intense consolation of their condition, a smoke.

Suddenly Garnet started forward and peered into the bush.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

Both men leaped to their feet, keenly alert, and on their quick ears came the crashing and breaking of twigs. Another moment, and a man stepped from the bush and stood by them.

Of medium height, haggard and weather-beaten, he was quickly recognised by the convicts. An exclamation of astonishment broke from each of them, at which the new-comer, generally known as Wingy Nolans, smiled. Then he coolly sat himself down on a log by the still smoking embers.

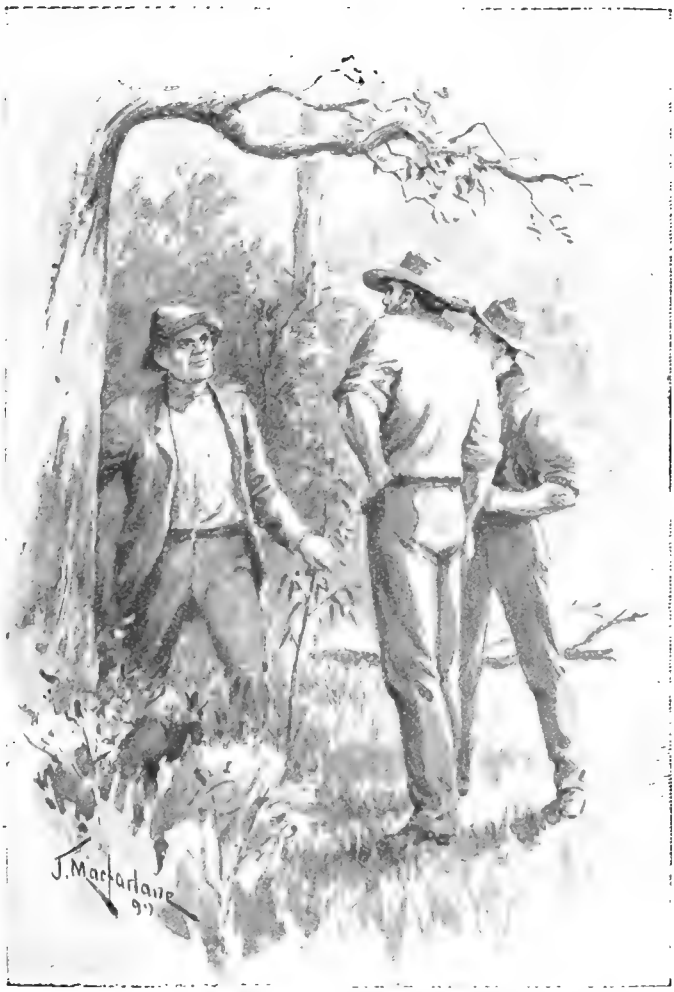
"A bit knocked, eh? A bit surprised like to see me, eh? In course yer are; just as they," jerking his left thumb over his shoulder, "were to lose sight o' me."

"But how on earth did you get out here?" asked O'Dare.

"Circumwenting. I'm circumwenting. Under or'nary circumstances I'd 'a walked 'till I saw a 'orse, then I'd 'a rode. But breaking away ain't or'nary circumstances, and I 'ad to circumwent. Any tucker left, mates?"

"A little, precious little, though, I'm afraid. There's some tea in the billy and a bit of breadstuff in the bundle there."

"I'm 'ungry. I ain't dined since yester' morning. Yer see I'm keepin' out of the way till I get a chawnce o' settlin' down," vouchsafed the man by way of explanation, as he munched at the lump of dry damper he had extracted from the bundle. Yer see, it's this way. I 'appened to get the chawnce o' loosening them little orniments I 'ad danglin' about my tootsies, and of slippin' 'em at the edge of the bush by the new road we was a-makin' and a-'ammerin' at when I tuk my suddin farewell. And I didn't weep nothink to mention of neither. I suttingly did stop to larf, I couldn't 'elp it. Old Beconlight, you mind 'im with the red 'air, 'ad guard over by my corner. I'd been edgin' a bit of a way art, and he walks acrost and sez, sez 'e 'What are you a-doin' art there, you lazy, loiterin' 'ound?' 'Stow it,' sez I. 'What!'



Another moment, and a man stepped from the bush and stood by them.

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sez he. 'I'll—I'll——' 'Stow it,' sez I agin. 'Insubordination!' sez 'e, with 'is breath fair took away, and 'e 'andles 'is gun. But 'e wern't quick enough, not by chalks, for I let's drive at 'im and over 'e goes, and off goes the chains, and then off goes I. 'E 'upped wiv 'is gun and the bullet 'it the iron-wood and the chips dusted me; but chips don't 'urt, and I made westwards, 'till I struck over by Buller's Gap, beyond Craddock's, where I borrowed a suit, without asking, and 'ere I am."

"But they're after you?" exclaimed O'Dare.

Nolans laughed.

"Sure enough. 'Arf a dozen or 'arf a 'und redweight on 'em. But they ain't got me, and they ain't agoin' to neither — not livin'."

"They'd prefer you living, but dead ll satisfy them," said Garnet slowly.

"Like enough, but they ain't done one nor 'tother yet. Oh! I ain't such a mug as to 'ave no object in circumwentin' 'ereabouts. Maybe they'll lay 'ands on me, maybe they won't; but I'll lead them a dance fust. I'm 'turnin' out,' and I'll be even with 'em for them floggins I've 'ad. Say, mate," he added, looking at Garnet, "will yer join me? You've got a 'ead on yer. I knows me way abart this 'ere country, or for that matter, acrost in Victoria either, but I ain't a commandier. We'll get 'orses and shootin' irons and amminition, and, with you for boss, we'll make a lively time. Say, mate, will yer?"

"No! no!" exclaimed O'Dare.

"I wern't a-askin' you," answered Nolans quickly, "I knows you. You've got yer ticket waitin' yer. But 'e 'asn't, 'ave yer, mate? Let 'im answer for 'imself," he added, as O'Dare jumped to his feet and moved towards his friend.

Resting his chin on his hands, Garnet sat silent and undecided.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake don't, Jack," whispered O'Dare, It's——"

"S-sist," came a sharp exclamation from Nolans, "mind yerself!" and like a flash of lightning he disappeared into the scrub.

For an instant the two men looked in astonishment towards the direction he had taken. A noise fell on their ears, and they glanced quickly across the little flat along the creek. A party of five horsemen were slowly approaching.

Like a flash he disappeared into the scrub.

"Police," murmured O'Dare, and with an iron grip came the foreboding of impending evil. An hour ago, and neither he nor his comrade need have feared—though they might have wondered at—the approach of armed police. Now they had brought themselves within the meshes of the law. They had not only seen and spoken with an escaped convict, but they had actually given him food and allowed him to depart without an effort to detain him. Their one hope of salvation lay in the possibility of the police having failed to catch sight of their man.

"Hullo there!" said the sergeant in charge, "stand out you two. Have you seen anyone about these parts to-day?"

There was an instant's silence, as though neither man was sure whether he was the one of whom the question was asked.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the sergeant, a heavy, red-bearded individual. "You

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there," he continued, addressing O'Dare, "have you seen anyone about here to-day?"

"No, Sir," answered O'Dare.

"Umph," muttered the sergeant, obviously by no means satisfied, "and you?"

"I've seen no one except my mate," answered Garnet.

For a moment the sergeant made no reply.

"You're assigned servants, both of you, eh?"

"Yes, sir, assigned to Colonel Rice, of Glencoon," replied Garnet.

"Well, you're lying both of you. You've seen the man, and you're aiding and abetting him. D'ye hear? Once again, which way has he gone? You there, which way has he gone?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen anyone; therefore, I don't know," answered O'Dare.

"There's been more than two of you here, I'll swear," said the sergeant, dismounting, and poking about the edge of the fire. "Have a look round this bit of scrub some of you men," he continued.

Suddenly, on the grass near the log where Nolans had sat, Garnet saw a silver-mounted pipe, evidently stolen by Nolans with the clothes he was wearing. In his haste to escape, the hunted convict had dropped it. Would the sergeant see it? If not, there was a chance of their being left unmolested, whilst if he did, nothing could save them from the chain gangs and a flogging.

Poking and shuffling with his feet, the police officer was examining for some trace of the third person, whose sudden absence he suspected. Nearer and nearer he drew to the fatal clue, and, with a tightening at his throat, Garnet saw the spurred heel crush the grass within an inch of it. Surely the sergeant saw it. He was looking directly at it and yet——. He moved on a pace or two, and, as he turned his back to the tell-tale object, Garnet took a deep breath of relief.

"You hounds!" suddenly exclaimed the sergeant, losing his temper. "You've seen the man, and you won't say. Well, a few strokes of the cat may loosen your tongues, my fine fellows, and it won't save him. Once again. Which way did he take?"

Neither Garnet nor O'Dare replied, and the question was repeated with a harsh oath.

"I've seen no one," said Garnet.

"Nor I," replied his companion.

Something in O'Dare's tone still further incensed the angry policeman.

"You haven't, eh? Well, you can just come in with me to Oatlands. Here, you Davies, lash their wrists together, and—ah! would you?" he added, as O'Dare, giving way for the instant to the fatal impulse of resistance, snatched his wrist from the policeman's grip.

"No, no," he cried out piteously. "Oh, God above, help me!" he murmured.

In a few short moments he, who had been counting the hours to his freedom, had sealed his doom. Apart from the suspicion of having aided an escaped convict, he had been guilty of the almost equally heinous crime of resistance.

The sergeant appreciated it.

"Resisting, eh?" he exclaimed, bringing down his heavy riding whip with a slash across O'Dare's face and shoulders.

Garnet, incensed at the cowardly blow, stepped forward.

"You brute!" he exclaimed, as he struck the sergeant heavily under the jaw. The man reeled backwards and, tripping, fell with a crash. Like lightning, O'Dare turned on the constable who held him, and wrenched himself free. Before he could move, however, the policeman had closed with his opponent, and the two were locked in a hand to hand combat. Garnet, leaping to his friend's side, struck at the constable, only in his own turn to be set upon by the other two men. Strong as he was, a blow from behind dazed him, and in another moment, the two unfortunates were on the ground, their arms pinioned to their sides, their shirts torn, their faces grimed with sweat and blood.

The sergeant had meanwhile scrambled to his feet, and, in doing so, had caught sight of Nolan's pipe. With a cry he pounced upon it.

"Ah! what did I tell you! There's your pipe, and there's yours. What about this one, eh? He's been here, and you've aided and abetted him to escape when you might have seized him. Oh! my precious pair, my beauties, my gentlemen! I wouldn't have your hides on me this time to-morrow! Come along; up you get, up, up," he repeated, kicking at the wretched men. "I'll have you safely locked up by sundown!"

He was as good as his word, and that evening they were thrust into the small wooden cabin that played the part of jail at Oatlands. Early the following morning they were brought before the magistrate, and with sundry damning additions of his own the sergeant recounted the incidents of the previous day. His charge was ample, and on each count of it the two convicts were found

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He struck the Sergeant heavily under the jaw.

guilty. For resisting the police they were ordered to receive fifty lashes each, and were sentenced to twelve months in the chain gangs, whilst for aiding and abetting an escaped convict, they were put down for trial with the probability of a further sentence of seven years' transportation to the penal settlement of Botany Bay.

Garnet heard his sentence with indifference, but the effect on O'Dare was more terrible. It meant so much to him. The impending horrors of the lash were for the moment lost in the realisation that his chance of liberty was destroyed. The long stretch of terror and torment through which he had passed was to be repeated; and not merely that, but repeated with the burden of an evil reputation which would mark him down as dangerous. He drew in a hard breath and clenched his teeth in the agony of his despair.

Garnet's voice first aroused him.

"Never mind, old man, see it through, it'll come right, though God help you during the next hour."

Rough hands were laid on the prisoners, and immediate preparations were completed to carry into effect the flogging which had been ordered. By the back of the prison yard were some tall slender gum trees, and to them the two prisoners were marched.

"Take off your shirts," was the order and each, fully aware of the futility of resistance, obeyed.

Take the tall one first," said the officer in charge, and Garnet was led forward. He was placed with his face to the trunk, and his arms drawn round it and lashed, whilst ropes were passed round his ankles, and round the bottom of the tree.

The flagellator (to give him his official designation) ran his fingers down the tails of the cat and measured his distance. There was a pause, a grim horrible silence. Presently, from the officer in command, came the order.

"One!"

With a singing, swishing sound the tails hummed through the air, and fell with a thud on the broad brown back and shoulders. As they dropped away long livid wheals streaked the skin, and the tender flesh quivered and shook. Yet not a sound came from the convict's lips.

"Two!"

Once again the leather thongs flayed the man's back; and here and there, where the new wounds and the old ones crossed, there leapt forth beads of scarlet blood that quickly oozed into tiny running streams.

Yet not even to a murmur did the man give utterance.

Time after time the order was repeated, and quickly the torn and lacerated flesh heaved

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and swoln into a palpitating bleeding mass. Gradually, at each cut, the silence of the man was broken with gasps and quivering sighs, until presently, in spite of his pride and passion, he shrieked with agony at each lash. His cries grew into words of horrible reviling and bitter cursing. They came at each lash with a wild shriek. They moaned out to a sigh that ended in another shriek, as a fresh cut was administered.

Strong and determined as he was, Garnet was senseless before the fifty strokes had been completed.

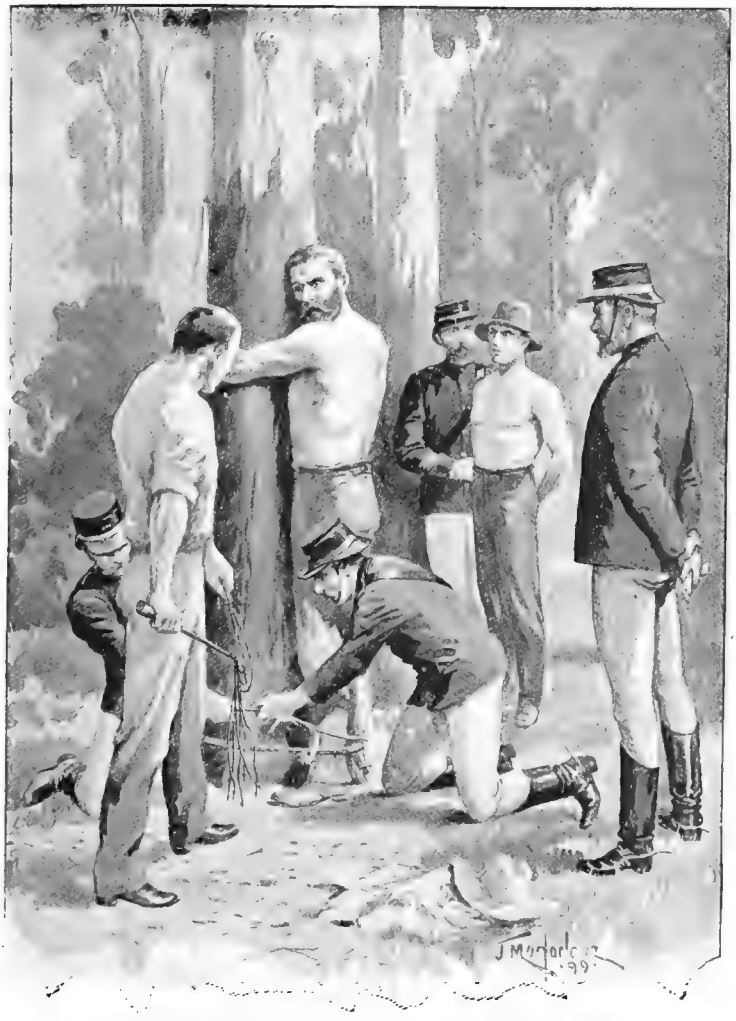
O'Dare's time came close upon the completion of Garnet's sentence. Breathing space was allowed the flagellator, who, however, was fully capable of delivering a second fifty with all the untiring energy of his first. The last ten or twelve strokes of O'Dare's punishment were lost on the young fellow, save for their effect in still further lacerating the mangled flesh. He was senseless, and for fully an hour after they had cut him down, he remained so. At length, bleeding and helpless, the two unfortunates were placed once more in their sultry, comfortless cell.

Some four or five days passed before their journey to Port Arthur was commenced. Meanwhile, Nolans remained uncaptured, although more than once he had given evidence of having joined the list of armed bushrangers, who infested the colony. It was not considered necessary, however, to wait for his recapture, and early one morning Garnet and O'Dare were ordered to climb into a light spring cart for transportation to Port Arthur.

Both prisoners, still stiff and sore from the flogging, were handcuffed and heavily ironed. On the seat of the cart sat the driver, a constable well-armed, whilst a mounted policeman rode close behind.

Over beyond the ford across the Gordon River the road took a sharp turn and rose steeply. To the left lay Mount Mercer, whilst to the right the scrub and undergrowth was particularly thick. It was a deceptive sort of place, for, in reality, beyond the crest there was open country for miles and miles, stretching westward away back beyond Jane's Peak towards Table Mountain and Weasel Plain.

Half-way up the hill, the mare in the cart



He was placed with his face to the trunk whilst ropes were passed round his ankles.

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fell into a walk. The mounted constable, with his reins thrown over his left arm, was busy lighting his pipe, and, having accomplished it, was replacing his bottle of matches into his pocket.

Suddenly, out from the bush abreast of the cart, came a puff of smoke and the sharp report of a gun. With a hoarse cry, the mounted constable threw up his arms and lurched slowly forward; then, with a sickening thud, he fell backwards to the ground. His horse, startled by the noise and frightened at the fall of its rider, plunged forward. In an instant it broke into a terrified gallop, and with the wretched man's foot jammed in the stirrup iron, flashed past the cart, dragging the corpse along the rough, dusty road.

Meanwhile, the driver at the sound of the gun turned. He saw his mate's fall, and thereupon, bending forward, he lashed at the horse with the intention of not only saving his life, but also preventing any escape on the part of the prisoners.

Both of them had started from the bottom of the cart as the shot was fired, but, quickly as thought, Garnet laid his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

"Down, down; for Heaven's sake keep low!" he whispered hurriedly.

As he spoke, there came the quick, whip-like crack of a second report. A swift humming echoed above their heads, and with a thud a bullet struck the constable. The man swayed, and, as the cart jolted over a stone, rolled to the ground, clutching and digging at the hard road with his finger nails.

Fortunately for the two prisoners, the reins were entangled in the dying man's hand, and the horse was brought to a sharp standstill. Garnet and his companion raised themselves from where they had been crouching, and saw a figure, carrying a gun, leap from the scrub into the road, and come running towards the cart.

It was Nolans—that they both saw at a glance. As he came up to the fallen constable, he bent over him and turned him on to his back.

"'E won't trouble no one no more, nor go 'untin' men as though they were beasts," exclaimed the runaway convict. "Yer thought it was all over with yer, eh?" he added, as he came up to the cart, "Yer didn't count on Wingy Nolans, eh? Well, yer see, I ain't forgot that yer stud by me that day. Oh! I ain't forgot, and I ain't the sort of a cove as is likely to, neither."

"'Ere yer are Cap'n, 'ere's a file for yer to get rid o'them appandiges, and I'll have a go on these," he added, turning to O'Dare.

For a brief space there was a silence, broken only by the quick, harsh grating of the files, as they ate into the rivets which secured the chains to the men's ankles.

"Yer see, said Wingy, presently, "it's this way. I couldn't 'elp yer afore the floggin', I 'adn't 'arf a chawnce, but I managed to arrange for some shootin' appliances and I've got some 'orses beyond the rise. I reckon it'll take a smarter man than they've got in these parts to lay 'ands on us yet awhile. Say Cap'n, there ain't much choice now, eh? I've 'turned out' and I'm getting things fixed up in the way o' bush telegraphs and tucker. But it wants a boss, and if you'll be boss, Cap'n, why I'll go where you goes, and stick close to yer, s'elp me."

"Do you mean that?" said Garnet, wrenching the last rivet out of the ankle band.

"Aye!"

"Then I'll play the game, Wingy; I'll play it for all it's worth. I don't care what happens now, except that I'll never be caught alive. I'll 'turn out' and some of them shall pay for the tune I've had to dance to!"

"I'm in this, Jack, old man," said O'Dare, quietly, as he threw his irons with a heavy clanking noise into the scrub by the roadside.

"Right yer are, sir," exclaimed Nolans, "I knowed it. What more could yer want? 'Ere we are the gamest, pinkiest three as ever went free of the bush.

"Well, well, we've no time to waste anyhow, so long as we're agreed," said Garnet, "Give me a hand here," he added to Nolans, and the two lifted the dead constable from the roadside and carried him into the scrub. Then, following Nolan's directions, they drove the cart to the crest of the hill, and striking to the right, forced the vehicle into the bush. There they unharnessed the mare and turned it loose.

The three horses tethered near the big ironwood were not of the best. Still, they were horses, and sound and strong. The three men quickly led them out into the open.

"Well, it's likely to be a rough experience you chaps are taking on," said Garnet. "We're changing a dog's life for a dingoe's. Instead of being chained we'll be hunted. It's deadly earnest," he added with a short laugh, as he turned to his horse and tightened up the girths. Then, measuring the stirrups, he lengthened them out a hole or two and swung easily into the saddle. The others followed suit, and the three men cantered slowly down the long slope.

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CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

THE CREATOR OF "CAPTAIN KETTLE."

Ah, here you are! Good morning.

Come on down and see my workshop.

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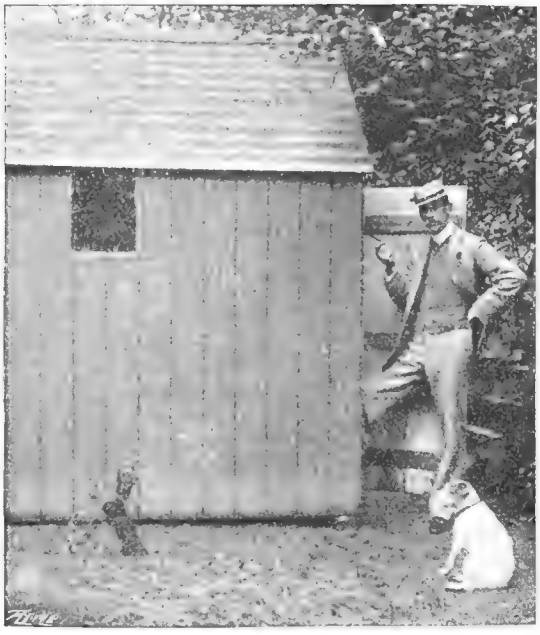

Here we are. Carpentering is one of my hobbies, you know——

and inventing. In this box is one of the most revolutionary inventions of the age.

Photography is another hobby. This little camera has been all over the world with me.

These oilskins were used in the Windward. I use them when I am yachting. That and——

shooting are pretty well my favourite amusements. Nothing can beat plenty of sport and a good gun.

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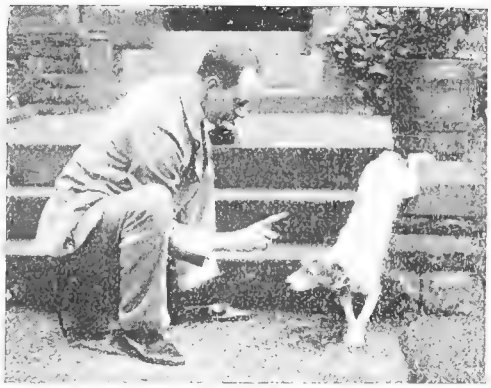
When it comes to learning, Thomas takes top place in this household.



This is a minor accomplishment, but it's entirely an attitude of his own.

Must be off, eh? Come and have a cup of tea before you go.

Yes, you'll have to hurry, I'm afraid. You've only twe .ty minutes.

Thank goodness that's over! Now I'll do an interview with—Captain Kettle.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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HEROES OF THE COLLIERIES

By G. A. Binnie.

Few of those unacquainted with coal mining districts have any idea of the gallant acts of bravery which are continually being performed as the outcome of some terrible tragedy deep down in the very bowels of the earth, to reach which, the rescuers in nine cases out of ten leave wife and children and God's bright sunshine behind them, with the knowledge that their noble efforts may entail certain death. To give all the cases of heroism displayed would require a volume; therefore, I am, owing to space, able to give only a few examples of the splendid acts of gallantry exhibited under circumstances of exceptional danger.

First and foremost we will take the heroes of the Baddesley mine disaster, 1882. This mine caught fire. The fire raged for two days and caused the deaths of twenty-three people who attempted to rescue nine miners working in the deepest extremity of the mine. Mr. D. S. Dugdale, the owner of the mine, who was amongst the rescuers, was also one of the victims. Such was the gallantry displayed on this occasion, that no less than ten Albert Medals were bestowed on the rescuers. In addition to the recipients, whose photographs we give here, were Mr. Samuel Spruce, Mr. T. S. Marsh, Mr. T. Mottram, Mr. W. Morris, and Mr. J. Chetwynd, each of whom received the Second Class Albert Medal.

Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

Mr. Smallman.

Mr. Reuben Smallman is a mining engineer, residing near Nuneaton. At two o'clock in the morning of May 2nd, he was called out of his bed by Mr. Pogmore, the Agent of the Baddesley Colliery, who informed him that there was a serious fire in the pit, and that nine miners were imprisoned in the deep workings. Mr. Smallman hurriedly dressed, and was driven by Mr. Pogmore about five miles to the colliery; he descended the pit shaft about three o'clock, just as the first exploring party had been driven back, and at once took charge of the operations. As the fire was raging in the return air-way, the only possible road by which the men could be rescued, was the engine plane, or, in-take air-way. Under his guidance, therefore, repeated attempts were made to clear this road of smoke and gas. They continued their exertions for more than two hours, but were at last obliged to retreat to the fresh air. Soon after six o'clock the attempt was resumed, and about 8.30 a.m. (on May 2nd) there was a roar like thunder, accompanied almost instantly by flames of fire, burning severely Mr. Smallman and twelve of the volunteers, and inflicting fatal injuries upon twenty-three. Of the eighteen men then actually working with him in the advanced party, only one survives. Having made his way to the shaft, Mr. Smallman there found many of the injured men, and ascended with the last two of them to the surface. For his gallantry,

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self-possession, and perseverance the Albert Medal of the First Class was presented to him by Her Majesty the Queen.

Mr. Arthur Henry Stokes, H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines in the Midland District, was also a recipient of the Albert Medal of the First Class on this same occasion. He received a telegram reporting the fire early on Tuesday morning, May 2, when, knowing that Mr. Evans, then Chief Inspector of Mines, was not at home, he hurried from his residence at Derby as quickly as possible, and arrived at the colliery soon after the explosion. On his arrival he found Mr. Smallman lying in the engine-house, so badly burnt that he did not recognise him until he spoke. Mr. Smallman then told the inspector that an explosion of gas had taken place, that many were seriously injured, and that Mr. Dugdale, and perhaps others, were still in the burning mine. He cautioned Mr. Stokes that it was dangerous to enter the mine, as another explosion might occur at any moment, but thought that an attempt should be made to rescue the surviving volunteers. Without hesitation, Mr. Stokes, accompanied by Messrs. Day, Spruce, Marsh, Moltram, and William Morris, went down the shaft and groped their way, almost in the dark, along the level to the engine plane, which they found filled with smoke and noxious gases, to within a short distance of the floor. Hearing a voice, they instantly rushed into the smoke, and succeeded in bringing out Mr. Dugdale. As he was in a very weak state, although able to speak, they wrapped him in a blanket and brought him to the surface. Mr. Stokes again descended into the mine, and assisted in the rescue of John Collins. Mr. Stokes, in addition to having won the Albert Medal, is also the proud possessor of the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which was awarded him in 1880 for conspicuous bravery on the occasion of the rescue of an entombed miner from the Black Engine Lead Mine, 1879. For five days and nights Mr. Stokes and four others toiled to release the imprisoned miners, and during that time their life was hardly worth an hour's purchase, but success attended their efforts, and at last Dennis Bagshawe was brought out of the mine alive.

From a Photo.

Mr. Arthur Henry Stokes.

Photo by A. V. Green.

Mr. C. Day.

Photo by A. V. Green

Mr. Chas. Chetwynd.

Charles Day, collier, Baddesley, was employed as a deputy at the colliery. Having been on duty from 2 p.m. on Monday, the 1st of May, he was at the pit bottom about 10 o'clock that night, when his son, Joseph Day, also a deputy, on descending the upcast shaft to relieve his father, discovered the smoke. Charles Day then ascended the shaft through the smoke and noxious gases, which nearly overpowered him, and after sending word to the manager, returned into the mine by the downcast shaft. He and his son then endeavoured to creep under the smoke over the "brow" of the engine plane, but found it impossible to do so without help. He afterwards took part in all the attempts made to rescue the nine imprisoned miners. Notwithstanding the many hours he had been

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Photo by A. V. Green.
Mr. W. Pickering.

on duty, and the shock to his system caused by the explosion, he was one of the party of six which first, after the accident, descended the mine and rescued Mr. Dugdale; and again made one of the second party, which rescued John Collins. He volunteered also for the third party, but, owing to his exhausted state, was not allowed to go down again. His unflinching bravery and endurance were marvellous; and he refused to leave his post until carried away by order of Mr. Stokes. Mr. Day received the Albert Medal of the first class for these acts of conspicuous bravery.

Charles Chetwynd, collier, Baddesley, was one of the volunteers who descended into the mine after the explosion and rescued Rowland Till. Several volunteers went down, and going to the edge of the smoke called out to Till, but hearing no reply, returned to the surface. They were followed by Charles Chetwynd, William Pickering, and John Clark, who also went to the edge of the smoke, calling and listening. After some time they heard a groan, when Chetwynd and Pickering attempted to creep under the smoke, but being apprehensive that it would overpower them, returned to the fresh air, and sent Clark up for more help. Joseph Chetwynd and William Morris returned into the mine with him, but on arriving at the pit bottom, at the suggestion of Joseph Chetwynd, W. Morris fetched a rope from the surface, and the three then went forward. Charles Chetwynd tied one end of the rope round himself, and taking the other end with him, crept under the smoke until he found, and secured to the rope, Rowland Till. With the assistance of other volunteers, he dragged him out of the smoke and succeeded in conveying the unfortunate man alive to the surface. Mr. Charles Chetwynd was also awarded the Albert Medal of the first class.

Photo by Churchill & Son.
Mr. Thos. Chapman.

William Pickering, collier, is the last of the Baddesley heroes whom we propose to mention. He was one of the volunteers who entered the mine after the explosion, and rescued Rowland Till. He was with Charles Chetwynd, and assisted him in all that he did to bring Till out. When Charles Chetwynd led with the rope under the smoke, Pickering and William Morris followed, holding the rope, so that they might assist when required. He helped to get Till out of the smoke and to the surface. For this act of conspicuous bravery, he received the Albert Medal of the second class.

Photo by Ratledge & Son.
Mr. John Smith.

Thomas Chapman, a pitman at the Drakewall mine, Tavistock, with the aid of forty-five miners, rescued two miners who were entombed by a "run of sand and rock" in the Drakewall's Mine, Calstock, Tavistock, for five days and four nights. Space will not admit of the full details of the rescue being given here, but after four days and four nights, and boring and blasting through 13ft. of solid rock, Chapman volunteered to go down a hole that was made just large enough to allow him to squeeze through. A rope was made fast to his waist and he was lowered a depth of 80ft. He promptly sent up both

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the men and was hauled up himself afterwards. For this act of daring he was awarded the Albert Medal of the second class. He was also presented with the Silver Medal of St. John of Jerusalem by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

John Smith received the Albert Medal and the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, presented to him by the Prince of Wales, for the heroic rescue of Benjamin Stanley under exceptionally terrible circumstances. Smith is a pitman at the Norfolk Mine, and between seven and eight o'clock on May 18th, 1889, was engaged with Stanley in lifting a large red-hot ingot, which had only recently been cast from a pit, Stanley was adjusting the chain when his foot slipped and he fell into the pit — quite close to the great column of red-hot steel. His clothes were set on fire, and having been stunned by the fall, he was being rapidly burnt to death. Smith, heedless of the terrible risk he ran, seized a ladder, lowered it into the pit, and commenced to descend. He was so excited that he missed his footing, and also rolled into the cavity. Recovering himself instantly, Smith rushed to Stanley, and picked him up. In order to catch hold of Stanley, Smith had to put both arms so close to the ingot that both limbs were badly burnt. In spite of this, he succeeded in getting his mate's body half-way up the ladder, when the other pitmen hurried to his help, and relieved him of his burden.

Photo by J. Fairhurst.

Mr. Hamer.

On November 21st, 1895, Mr. Preston, underlooker at Duxbury Colliery, was working with Mr. Hamer and Mr. Brown on a haulage brow, and in jigging a gang the empty tubs ran into some bars and knocked them out, and about thirty or forty tons of roof fell, and entirely covered Preston.

At great risk to their own lives they at once set to work, and tried to release Preston. J. H. Hamer, the stronger of the two, kept the large stones from coming down upon Preston, and Brown worked his way right between the legs of Hamer, until the head of their underlooker was uncovered. They could not extricate him themselves, but they stood nobly by until help arrived.

They were honoured by the presentation to them, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the silver medals of St. John of Jerusalem, for heroic conduct.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, of Oakley Slate Quarries, N. Wales, was presented with the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at Aberystwith on June, 26th, 1896, for great gallantry and presence of mind in rescuing David Morris, employed at the Oakeley Slate Quarries, who, on the 5th of March, 1896, was preparing to place a charge of gelignite in a crevice some twenty-four feet down from the edge of a "Bôn" or cliff, when a part of a block of stone, weighing about one cwt., fell, doing such severe injury to his hand, that he was compelled to relax his hold of the rope, which dropped out of his reach. Roberts, seeing the dangerous position in which Morris was placed, immediately climbed down with the aid of a rope, and

From a Photo.

Mr. T. Brown.

Photo by W. J. Roberts.

Mr. Ellis Roberts.

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Photo by H. J Gover & Co.

Mr. W. Dodd.

catching him as he was sliding down the precipice, despite the terrible strain, held him until assistance could be rendered.

Mr. William Dodd, in conjunction with Mr. John Watts, received the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for gallantry displayed on the 14th of January, 1895, in rescuing and endeavouring to rescue, with great risk to himself, miners whose lives were endangered by the irruption into the mine at Audley, Staffordshire, of a large volume of water from old workings in the colliery. A large number of miners were at work at the time, and the sudden inrush of water prevented the possibility of escape, subjecting them to great dangers of death from suffocation by gases. W. Dodd made strenuous efforts with others to effect their rescue, and, after hours of hard work in great peril, many of the entombed men were brought safely to the surface.

Mr. Hutchinson received the Silver Medal of the Chapter of St. John of Jerusalem for conspicuous gallantry and most devoted and repeated efforts in rescuing a number of men, and boys from a fire which had broken out in one of the pits at the Bamfurlong Collieries. Unfortunately we were unable to obtain a photograph of Mr. Foster, his brave co-worker.

Photo by Taylor.

Mr. Hutchinson.

Probably, no lives would have been lost had Mr. Foster's instructions been obeyed implicitly. Unfortunately, a man in charge of some doors dividing the main in-take from the main return air-way was persuaded by a number of men to lead them out of the mine.

When he returned, the flames and smoke had broken through, fouling the return air-way as well as the in-take. Some four men and sixteen boys were thus cut off, and, had it not been for Mr. Foster's heroism, they would all have perished. He rushed through the smoke and flames and pulled three out, the rest being suffocated.

In the meantime, Mr. Hutchinson, the manager, was taking steps to get out the fifty men and boys remaining in the far side workings. Accompanied by others, he got into the return air-way, but the smoke proved too strong for all except himself. He persevered, and, although rendered unconscious twice, he assisted some of the imprisoned boys and men, and carried others to where the air was more pure and the other party could reach them, until he had got the whole of them safely out.

Photo by Alfred Freke.

Mr. Thomas.

Mr. William Thomas, of Aberdare, is the holder of the Albert Medal on account of the heroism he displayed on the occasion of the inundation of the Tynewydd Pit, 1877, and also of the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for distinguished bravery on the occasion of the explosion at Mardy Colliery.

The Royal Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire also presented Mr. Thomas with an illuminated testimonial. Some five hundred miners were entombed in the Mardy Colliery. Had it not been for Mr. Thomas's bravery and devotion some seven hundred men would have perished.

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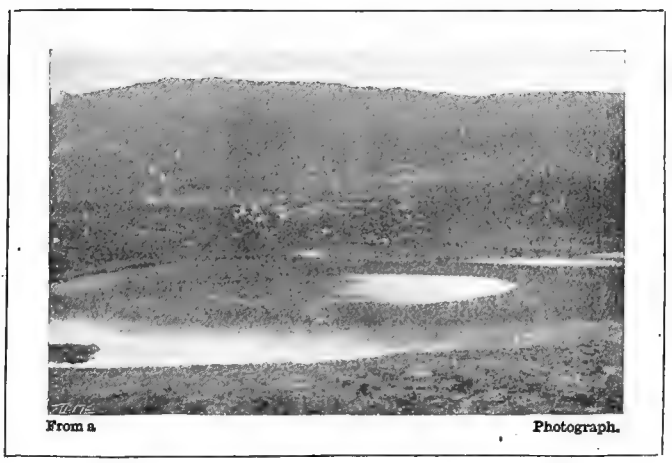
THE "MURDER HOLE" OF GALLOWAY.

By W. Dinwiddie.

This weird looking place lies far in the wilds of Galloway. Connected with it is the following legend: About 300 years ago the inhabitants of Galloway were aroused by a report that several persons who had started to cross the moors between Galloway and Ayrshire, had mysteriously disappeared, and no trace whatever could be found of them. Notwithstanding the fact that the strictest lookout was kept by the Kings' officers, persons continued to disappear. The inhabitants gradually deserted their dwellings on the heath, until at length an old woman and her two sons were the sole dwellers on the moor, and they loudly lamented that poverty chained them to the solitary and mysterious place.



From a Photograph.

The "Murder Hole" of Galloway.

Attached to this curious pool of water is a legend that some 300 years ago a number of wayfarers were murdered by an old woman and her two sons.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy was overtaken by darkness on the moor. At length a light glimmering in the distance caught his eye, a light which he knew proceeded from the old woman's cottage, and thither he bent his way.

Upon gaining the cottage he knocked at the door, but received no answer. Thereupon he peeped through the window, and, to his astonishment, saw the old woman apparently pretending to be busy scrubbing, whilst her two sons were thrusting something into a huge chest, which they locked. The boy felt frightened, yet he knocked again, and this time the door was opened by the old woman, who gave him a most cordial welcome.

Having gained admission he was given a bed to sleep in, but during the night he was awakened by a cry, and, creeping to the door of his apartment, overheard a conversation which confirmed his suspicions as to the evil character of the old woman and her sons. Stealing to the window he forced it, and letting himself down hurried away across the moor.

The three miscreants discovering the boy's flight, pursued him with a bloodhound. Fortunately the intended victim fell over some stones and, cutting himself, lost a quantity of blood. This saved his life, for the bloodhound refused to pass the spot.

Upon arriving at a village the pedlar spread the alarm, and within a short while a band of infuriated villagers set off across the moor.

There had long been a suspicion abroad that the inmates of the lonely cottage were concerned in the various disappearances. Now there was no longer room for doubt.

Proceeding with great caution in order to effect a surprise, the villagers surrounded the cottage. They seized the old woman and her sons and hanged them on three gibbets which they set up near the notorious Murder Hole. Just prior to being executed the wretched creatures confessed to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the lonely pool.

Such is the legend clinging to this remote spot. It may owe its origin to some mysterious crime, or, like most legends, it may be entirely a matter of fiction.

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By Bassett Hastings.

Love sat in a doorway of the great city, with his chubby little fingers pushed deep into his eyes. The most casual observer could not have failed to see that he was weeping; that is to say, provided that observer had been able to see him.

For, strange to say, Love is not visible to everybody alike. Indeed, there are people who say that they have never seen him at all, who laugh at the very idea of his existence.

And thus it was that Love wept. He had done a hard and disappointing day's work, searching first here and then there in his endeavour to make friends with somebody or other; but all without avail. First he had visited a bishop; but the bishop had been too busy writing a sermon, all about Love himself, to recognise the original of his subject, even when that original stood before him. Then he flew away to a cabinet minister who, being charged with the welfare of millions of his fellow subjects, Love thought must of necessity have a very large place in his heart for himself, especially as the minister owed his position in the Government solely to his championship of the religion of Love.

But here again Love had not lingered long, since a short glance over the minister's shoulder had revealed a document in which the writer proposed to utterly destroy in another continent some thousands of his ignorant fellow creatures whose uncivilised customs had interfered with the plans of the Government of which he was a member.

And in like manner and with like result had Love flitted from one to another, his little head bowing itself lower and lower with each rebuff, until at last he had tearfully drawn aside out of the busy noisy crowd and had sat down, weeping as if his heart would break, in the friendly shelter of a doorway in the Haymarket.

"Hullo!" presently said his old friend Boreas as, half-way through a mad rush from Piccadilly to the Athenæum, he caught sight of the forlorn little figure crouching in the shadow of his sheltering portico. "Hullo Love! what's the matter?" quoth he, temporarily staying his triumphant career and playfully dallying with the hats and skirts of the passers by as he waited for the other's reply.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" sobbed Love. "It's no use Boreas, and I—I am so unhappy."

"What's no use?" shouted Boreas, guffawing hoarsely as he successfully whisked his hat off a royal duke and saw him start in a futile chase just as fast as his aristocratic legs and the dignity due to his blue-blooded ancestry would permit him to travel.

"It's no use my trying to make friends

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with people, Boreas," piped the little voice, just a trifle more steadily perhaps now that he had met so old a friend as Boreas. For, although he was brusque in manner and rough to look on, Boreas had a kind heart withal and—Love knew it. "They say they don't want me, Boreas," went on the quivering accents. "Some of them say they haven't got any time to attend to me; and others say that I can come if I will show them how to make money faster; and a few—" here the little voice faltered again so much that Boreas had to keep quite still for a moment to catch what it said. "A few—say I'm—I'm—too old fashioned for them. That—that there's no room for me any longer, and—and I had better go right away and not bother them any more."

"Whoof!" roared Boreas, giving himself a mighty shake that rattled all the glass in the neighbourhood and made the merchants shake in their shoes, lest their precious merchandise should be lost at sea to the great prejudice of themselves and of their businesses. "Whoof?" roared he a second time, and the wires overhead screamed out with a sound as though of souls in agony. "Whoof! Go right away indeed! Not bother them! Old fashioned! Never heard of such a thing! Preposterous!" and Boreas gave vent to more mighty shakes and "whoofs," and glared around in search of a human scapegoat on whom to vent the virtuous wrath that he cherished for the moment against the cold, proud race that could thus serve his little friend. It was,

Perching him high on his mighty shoulders Boreas soared away.

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however, but for a moment, and then his naturally gentler feelings resumed once more their accustomed sway. He reflected that Love was, after all, but a child, and might have been too easily discouraged, and so he added kindly: "Come now; jump up on my back and we'll go round together, and see if we cannot find some of your old friends—" and, before the disconsolate Love could recover from his surprise, Boreas had lifted him from his shady corner and, perching him high upon his mighty shoulders, soared away with him down the street. And so rapid were the sweeps of his mighty wings that Love began to gasp for breath, whereat Boreas laughed out loud in merriment and slackened his speed.

For a long time the two hovered over the great city, now here, now there, whilst Boreas visited, each in turn, his accustomed haunts. At length, when the theatres had begun to absorb their accustomed crowds, and the lights shone out more brightly on the crowded thoroughfares, whilst the friendly shadows lent their kindly shelter to the outcasts and homeless, the giant of the air and the little child descended once more in one of the great West End squares.

"Let us seek our friends in there," cried Love, pointing to the brightly lit mansion opposite. And, waiting until the doors were next thrown open, they passed in.

It was, indeed, a palace beautiful in which they found themselves, and as they roamed from room to room, amongst the brilliant throng filling them, Love thought how happy must be the people who lived in such a house. But somehow, as he looked from face to face, his little lips seemed once more to get that tightened, disappointed look they wore when Boreas had first hailed him. For gaze as he might, he could not recognize upon any one the mark of the seal by which he always knew his friends. At last, just as they were about to pass sorrowfully out again, Boreas nudged his arm.

"Look there!" said he.

And Love, looking, gave a little shout of delight, as he seized Boreas by the hand and dragged him towards a cool, palm-shaded nook, in which there could just be seen the figures of a man and woman deep in earnest conversation.

"Come along, Boreas," cried Love, triumphantly, tugging impatiently at his huge companion. "It's all right now. We've found them at last."

Whereat Boreas lifted up his voice and laughed ever so gently—for him. For he, too, had begun to despond as the hours had gone fruitlessly by, and this discovery brought him no small relief.

At the sound of his laugh, gentle though it had been, the two beneath the palms drew suddenly back from one another as if they feared discovery.

"What was that?" asked the woman of her companion in a startled whisper.

"Only the draught stirring the leaves, I think," replied the man with a long-drawn sigh of relief, as he noticed above them the waving branches disturbed by Boreas.

"Ah! I thought—I hardly know what I thought," rejoined she, with a nervous little laugh, that told more plainly than any words how ill at ease she felt. "I think I must be getting the least bit afraid. Suppose, George—" she checked herself, "my husband—were unexpectedly to return before we had left, and—and—"

"My darling must not let herself be so easily frightened," replied the man's soft, purring accents, as he leant over towards her once more, and laid his hand caressingly upon her arm. "Remember, dearest, he is a hundred miles away, and every minute that takes him further from us is bringing us nearer to each other. By Jove!" broke off he suddenly as he glanced at his watch, "we ought to be moving. It is past eleven o'clock, and I told Newman to be ready to weigh as soon as the tide turned, and it turns in a couple of hours—barely time for you to get home and make ready," and so saying he rose quickly, and began gathering her wraps together, preparatory to escorting her to her carriage.

A few moments later he was leaning across the window sill of her elegant brougham, whilst she settled herself amongst the cushions and in a half-dazed fashion attended to his final instructions.

"Yes," she said. "I understand."

At half past twelve he would be waiting in a closed carriage at the end of Grosvenor Place, where she was to join him. Half an hour's smart drive along the Embankment and through the deserted City would bring them to the wharf off which his yacht was lying, and when daylight next dawned she would have left smoky London and her past life for ever and have entered into a kingdom of which she should be for ever queen and he her willing slave. Then, whilst his last words still rang in her ears, he gave the signal to the coachman, and she was driven rapidly away, away to the home she was so soon to leave for ever.

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In a palm-shaded corner there could just be seen a man and a woman.

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There crept into the heart of that sad-faced little watcher the determination to save her.

"For ever." Only now that it had really come to this crisis did she seem at last able to realise the full meaning of the awful words—a meaning which they had never conveyed to her before, and the extent and vastness of which appalled her. To leave for ever husband, home, and child for the sake of one whom she had known for barely a short six months seemed almost too terrible, strong though she felt the fascination of this man upon her.

And as the traces of the varying emotions chased one another across her brow, there crept into the heart of the sad-faced little watcher, who, all invisible to her, sat upon the opposite seat of the carriage, the determination to save her at all hazards were it but in the power of Love to save.

"But how? Ah! That was the question," and long during that silent drive did Love ponder how best to save that one poor human soul. For Love was face to face with this difficulty. He could, he well knew, only save one human being by means of another. He could not by the laws of his being reveal himself to one who disowned his sway; and just where he was to find this "other" in the short space of time at his disposal he did not know.

Then a sudden flash of intelligence darts over the little features, and, as the carriage draws up at my lady's house, the footman who so nimbly springs up the broad steps is not so quick but that a little figure is before him and disappears into the dimly-lit hall almost before the sleepy butler has done opening the massive door. And Boreas, who has followed close behind all the way, sweeps in too with a rush that almost blows the door off its hinges and causes the butler no little astonishment, for the night has hitherto been comparatively calm.

Half an hour later, when the servants of Vanstone House have retired for the night and silence reigns supreme in its long corridors, a closely-hooded figure glides softly down the great staircase and unbars the front door. It swings noiselessly upon its hinges, and the figure steps out into the moonlight. By that soft, pure light the face of my lady can be distinguished beneath the hood, and it is very pale. For a moment she hesitates upon the threshold as if listening for something, and as she pauses a clock close by chimes a single quarter and is silent.

"Too soon!" gasps she beneath her breath, and she draws back once more into the shelter of the hall and closes the door.

What shall she do? It wants but fifteen minutes to the half hour, but to her imagination it seems as though it might be fifteen hours and, try as she may, she feels she cannot keep still or she will go mad. A moment's hesitation and then an involuntary glance backwards up the stairs, a half turn of the head—can it be that something is moving her at the eleventh hour? She takes a step backwards and pauses irresolute. Shall she? Can she? Nay—*dare* she look once more upon the little life she is about to leave to battle alone with a cruel, hard world—motherless? Yes! She feels she must press just one more kiss upon that little brow, and the next moment she is gliding swiftly up the stairs again. Up, up, until she reaches a familiar door which is standing, as usual, a little ajar

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—standing so that mother may hear if her darling cries.

She passes the threshold and turns up the light, throwing aside as she does so the cloak which has enveloped her and which is to screen her from curious eyes—if, indeed, there be any to see her at this time of night. Then she leans over the cot in the corner of the room and gazes earnestly and long at the little face below her. It may have been chance or it may have been due to the presence of Love who now sits at the foot of the cot anxiously glancing from mother to child, and from child back to mother; but, as she gazes, a smile comes over the little face and the rosy lips murmur some unintelligible, baby words and the sleeper turns restlessly in his tiny bed. Then Love puts forth all his strength and instinctively the mother's caressing hand goes out to smooth the crumpled pillow. In so doing the little eyelids quiver and open, the babe stretches out his dimpled hands and with a glad cry of "Mamma! Mamma!" welcomes the well-known figure.

And she—— what can she do? Involuntarily she starts back and puts her hands before her face as if to ward off a blow. How can she look into those innocent eyes with the thoughts she is cherishing within her heaving bosom?

"Mamma! Mamma!" cries the little one again. "Poor Mamma! Mamma solly—— Mamma tying?" and the bedclothes are tossed aside, and a little white-robed figure rushes impulsively to the outstretched hands and clasps them in its own.

And then Love sees that he has conquered. Sees the little figure clasped passionately to the mother's breast, the golden curls mingled with the beautiful dark tresses and the little arms clasped round the bowed neck. And he turns to Boreas standing by his side, and says:

"Boreas, we are no longer wanted. Let us go and seek whom else we may help," and hand in hand the giant and the little child leave the silent house.

As they cross the threshold the same clock chimes out the three-quarters. It is heard by two people. One of them leans back in a closed carriage, and with a muttered oath realises that in some unknown manner his plans have miscarried.

"Why does she not come?" he mutters.

For a while he refuses to believe that she has changed her mind. He steps out of the carriage and walks impatiently in the direction from whence she would probably appear.

There is no sign of her. Yet surely she will come. Surely he had persuaded her. Surely he had killed her belief in her husband. And yet——!

He turns on his heel and strides fiercely back to his carriage. He gives the coachman a curt order and is driven off. The echo of the chimes still linger in his ear, an unsatisfactory music to his keen disappointment.

Up in her baby's bedroom the other hears in those chimes the first measure of a new life, a life in which Love is at length to have his share, and into which he entered once and for all when in the wondrous depths of a little child's eyes she saw him for the first time as he really is.

And Love's influence conjures not merely a picture of him who is absent from home, but it awakens all that is pure and good in her, and draws her to a worship of the husband who worships her, until, burying her face in the baby's curls, she cries in her soul for forgiveness, and murmurs her thanks for the danger she has so narrowly escaped.

Love sees the little figure clasped to the mother's breast.

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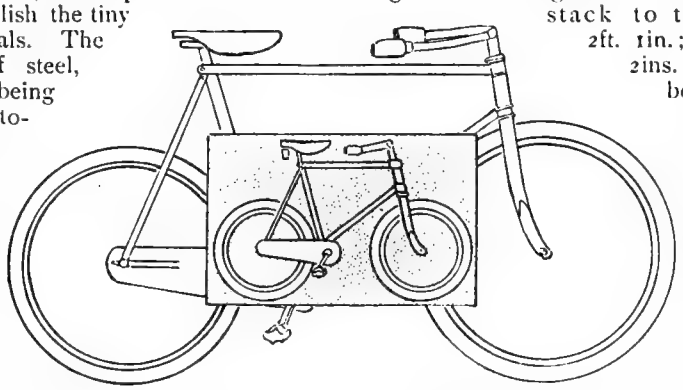
THE SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

By Harold Macfarlane.

Records in such fragile objects as those that purport to claim the title "the smallest in the world" are naturally only made to be broken, and as in this respect they resemble cycling records, it is only meet and right for us to give pride of place to the "wheel." Whether or no there are smaller "bikes" in actual use than the one ridden by a young Briton at Karachi, which claims to be the smallest wheel in India we cannot say, but it will be as well perhaps to put on record that its frame is 9ins.; wheels, 12ins.; gear, 40; and weight, 10½ lbs.

The smallest perfect working model bicycle was made over a year ago, chiefly of pure gold and silver, in America by a diamond cutter. The frame, rims and pneumatic tyres were of silver, the spokes were of the thinnest gold wire, which precious metal was used to embellish the tiny "rat trap" pedals. The chain was of steel, each link being forged and put together separately, and the whole machine stood barely 2ins. high, and was richly encrusted with precious stones.



The smallest bicycle in use has a frame of 9ins. and wheels of 12ins. The gear is 40, whilst the weight is only 10½lbs.

A short time ago the smallest railway in the world was said to be that from North Billerica to Bedford, Massachusetts. To say that it is a narrow gauge line, though truthful, is hardly descriptive enough. As a matter of fact, the gauge is 2ft. 10ins., and the line 8½ miles long. The rails weigh 25lbs. per yard, the locomotive 8 tons, and the waggons 4½ tons each, and at times a speed of 20 miles an hour is attained.

Hardly had we got accustomed to regarding the Massachusetts miniature as the smallest of railroads when a Manx gentleman built a one-mile line from the entrance of Groudle Glen to the seashore, and as the gauge was but 24ins., we could no longer look upon the American road as the holder of the title which now devolved upon a British possession.

Scarcely had we fixed the word "Groudle" upon the tablets of our memory in indelible characters when we had to apply a piece of mental indiarubber for the purpose of erasing it as much as possible, for at the Omaha Exhibition a railway having a 12½ins. gauge was this summer in full working order. The height of the engine from the top of the stack to the rail was 2ft. 1in.; the cylinders 2ins. by 4ins.; the boiler held 24 gallons of water, and developed sufficient steam to allow of one and a half horse-power being indicated, or sufficient to draw ten cars, each carrying two persons—a good load for any horse and a half to drag.

There does not appear to be much rivalry amongst shipbuilders in respect of turning out miniature marvels, consequently the *Nina*, built in New York, holds the pro-

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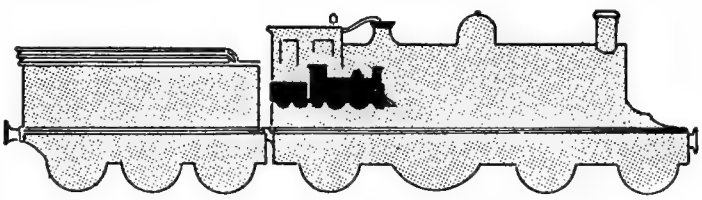
nounced title of "smallest" without its claim being questioned. The smallest steamer afloat is about 12ft. long and 3ft. wide, and its crew and passengers consist of one human being who must fulfil all the functions himself. The boiler weighs 80lbs., the engine 25lbs., the machinery 20lbs., and the hull 90lbs., or less than two hundredweight in all. This miniature liner can stow away 40lbs. of charcoal; can attain a speed of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, and it cost about £250, or one-fourth the price of a boat fashioned out of a single pearl by an accomplished Italian jeweller.



This shows the comparative size of an ordinary express engine and the smallest working engine in the world.

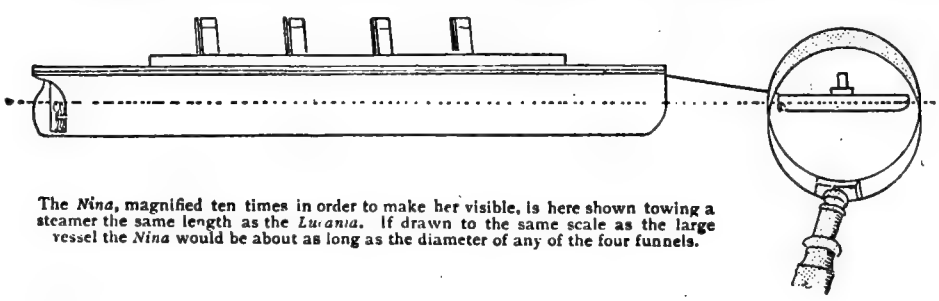
The hull of this latter vessel, we learn, is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The beaten gold sail is studded with diamonds, a ruby serves as a head-light, an emerald for the rudder, and it sails on a tranquil sea consisting of a slab of ivory.

There are so many "smallest" (in their owners estimation) stationary steam engines extant that we hesitate to deal with this particular phase of our subject. One of these engines measures less than a quarter of an inch in any direction, one is surprised to learn therefore that its horse-power is calculated to be about $\frac{1}{12}$th of a thousandth of the working capacity of the ordinary 'bus-horse. Another weighs three pennyweights without its fly-wheel and emits a noise when working at its highest pressure like "the buzz of a fly," and yet another with a cyclinder possessing a diameter $\frac{1}{3}$rd of $\frac{1}{16}$th of an inch and capable of running off 1760 revolutions in a minute is so small that a 22-calibre cartridge will cover it with ease.

The smallest electric motor in the world is the possession of Mr. D. Goodin of McKinney, Texas, and as it only weighs $\frac{9}{100}$ths. of an ounce and figures in its owner's scarf as a pin, its claims for the title, though it is in itself so diminutive, are not based on slender foundations. Between the field magnets fixed into position by gold screws an armature about the size of a well-used slate pencil revolves. The armature is of the four pole variety and is wound with fine wire, the current is conducted by means of copper brushes of wonderful thinness; the commutator segments are of gold, and golden is the switch mounted on a black rubber base worn in the lapel of the vest. The motive power is obtained from a small chloride of silver battery, also kept in the vest pocket, and the noise that the machine makes when working unlike that of the stationary engine, with its fly-like buzz, resembles that "of a small nest of hornets."

It is difficult to imagine shears of such diminutive proportions that, placed on a sheet of paper, they look no larger than pin heads. Nevertheless, marvels in cutlery of this nature have been made ere this of such fragile materials that one dozen pairs weigh about half a grain. The shears, we are told, are perfectly made and proportioned, and if sufficiently delicate material could be procured it would be found that they could cut. Needless to say, these shears "come fra' Sheffield."

The smallest watch in the world was exhibited in Berlin early this year, but we have yet to learn that the eyesight of the Berliners has been greatly impaired as a result of the exhibition, though such an unfortunate result was only to be expected in view of the fact that you could get four watches of



The *Nina*, magnified ten times in order to make her visible, is here shown towing a steamer the same length as the *Lucania*. If drawn to the same scale as the large vessel the *Nina* would be about as long as the diameter of any of the four funnels.

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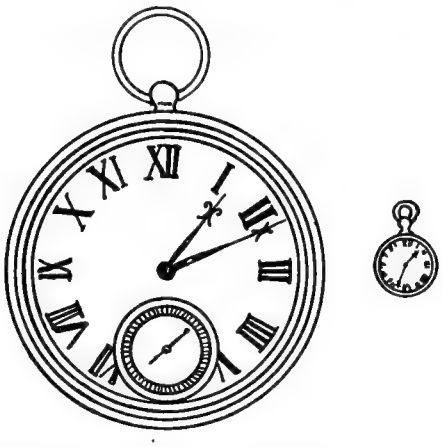
its calibre, if you had them, on an area equal to that covered by a half-penny. The watch



An ordinary watch and the smallest side by side. The latter cost £250, and four of its size could lie on a halfpenny piece.

was built at Geneva where special tools were procured for the purpose. It contains 100 separate parts and weighs $\frac{1}{30}$th of an ounce avoirdupois. The length of the minute hand of an ordinary watch is about $\frac{11}{12}$ths of an inch, the hour-hand spreading itself over half an inch. The hands of this extraordinary time-piece were respectively $\frac{1}{11}$th of an inch and $\frac{1}{20}$th of an inch. The balance of the watch completes almost half a million revolutions in the twenty-four hours, and the price of this marvel in miniature is the same as that of the smallest steamer.

The smallest printed book in the world is a reprint of a letter by Galileo to Madame Christine di Lorenza, a copy of which a short time ago was in the possession of Messrs. Bumpus. The book weighs about a quarter of an ounce, is $\frac{5}{8}$ths of an inch long, $\frac{7}{10}$ths of an inch wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ths of an inch thick; it contains 205 pages, 1800 lines, and about 30,000 letters, each of which can be covered by the point of a pin.

The smallest newspaper hails from Guadalaya, in Mexico, and bears the motto, "Much Meat but little Froth." The "Telegrafo" is a weekly production, and consists of eight columns of reading matter, each column being about 4ins. long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ins. wide.

Examples of minute writing and engraving are so numerous and so productive of head-aches that we refrain from referring to them here in detail. It will suffice to say that to engrave the alphabet on the head of an ordinary pin and the whole of the Lord's Prayer on the shank is not the most wonderful of the achievements of those who are endowed with almost superhuman patience.

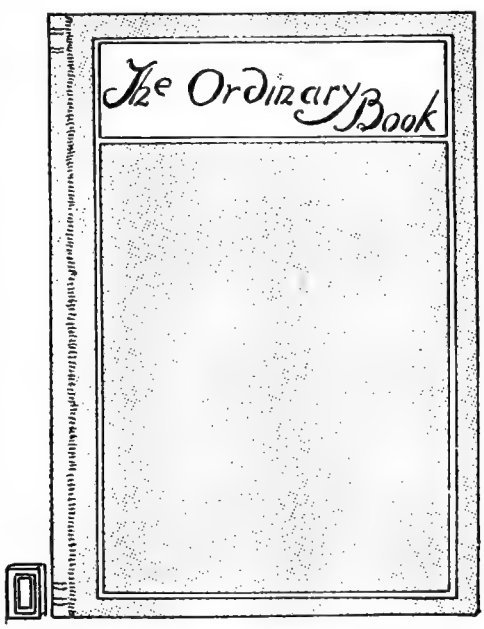
The smallest of paintings is a landscape which includes a mill, a miller, and the usual accessories, which was executed by a Flemish artist on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn.

One of the smallest of carvings consist of one hundred portraits which were engraved on a cherrystone by a turner's apprentice of Berlin, a city apparently greatly interested in the production of marvels in miniature.

These include, or did recently, the smallest elephant alive, which measures about a yard in height and length, and weighs about 168lbs. instead of 6720lbs., which a well regulated member of its race and years should weigh.

It comes as somewhat of a relief to find that the smallest horse on this earth is not to be found in the Prussian capital, but is the property of an Italian nobleman, the Marquis Carcano, and was bred at that nobleman's stock farm. Leo, the horse in question, is 21ins. high and is a well-proportioned chestnut with a tail that sweeps the ground.

The smallest soldier is Louis Bernadot, of Luret, in France, who had to be lifted up by a friendly gendarme by the scruff of the neck when his turn came to draw his number out of the conscription urn, as his 28ins. failed to bring his head on a level even with the table, let alone the urn.



The smallest book in the world is $\frac{5}{8}$in. long, $\frac{7}{10}$in. wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$in thick.

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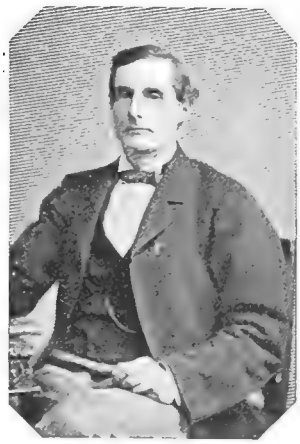
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.



Duke of Westminster.

His Mother.

His Father.

Mr. A. W. Pinero.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Sir George Wombwell.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Helen Mathers.

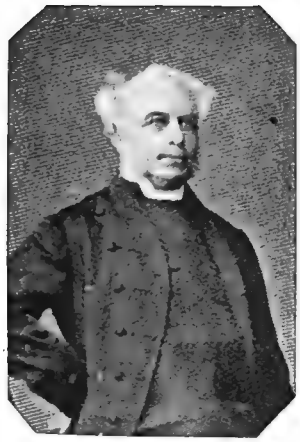
Her Mother.

His Father.

Mr. Clement Scott.

His Mother.

Google



Her Father.

Mrs. Langtry.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Mr. Lewis Waller.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Dorothea Baird.

Her Mother.

Photographs by Messrs. Alfred Ellis, Window & Grove, J. Caswall Smith, H. S. Meldelssohn, Henry Knight, J. Moffat, Sydney Smith, H. M. Lane, W. E. Debenham, Aaron, W. & D. Downey, Lafayette.

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FICKLE FRANCE.

TWELVE CONSTITUTIONS IN A CENTURY!

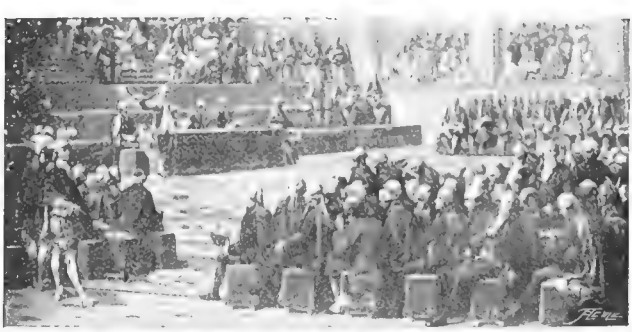
By Caley Wainwright.

The fertile imagination of the most expert romancer would hesitate to suggest such a history as France has woven for herself during the last hundred years.

Unstable and uncertain of her own wishes, she has drifted from one constitution to another, from one extreme to its opposite. Like a series of phantoms, kings, empires, consuls and what not have come to the surface, and for a space directed or misdirected the affairs of the unfortunate nation, and then tumbled into nothingness.

From the heights of gaiety and frivolity she has plunged to the depths of infamy and bloodshed. From the gospel of the divine right of kings she has swept to the terrors of mob law. From an absolute monarchy she has veered in a month to a full fledged republic.

Since January 1789, the Government of France has chopped and changed no fewer than twelve times. During that period the chopping has included the head of a king, of a queen, and of the best and bravest in the land.



The meeting of the States General, summoned by Louis XVI. The three estates are here depicted—the nobles flanking the platform, the clergy below on the left, the representatives of the people in the centre of the hall. This meeting practically marked the end of the absolute monarchy of France.

Twelve changes of Government! It seems incredible, and yet the mere statement in itself is as nothing compared with the nature of the changes and the terrible circumstances attending some of them.

In 1789 George III. reigned in England, and since then two monarchs have followed him, and, dying in due course, were succeeded by her Majesty Queen Victoria.

During that period of change England has passed through periods of trouble, and in a sense of internal upheaval. Yet never once did the angriest mob threaten the constitution of the country; never once has the monarch trembled for the stability of the English throne.

Wars there have been, fierce and terrible wars, and the worst of all against France herself, or at any rate against the man who for a brief space was France. But art and commerce have flourished, and it is an interesting reflection to realise that whilst the ghouls of the Reign of Terror were slaughtering thousands upon thousands of poor creatures in Paris, English men and women in fashionable London were enjoying their rides and strolls in the Park, their dances at Vauxhall, their opera at Covent Garden.

The last act of Cardinal de Brienne, before he scuttled from France and left Louis XVI. to reap the whirlwind he had sown, was to summon the States-General, or Parliament of France, to meet on the 1st May 1789.

It was a momentous decision, though practically unavoidable. Momentous it was, because the people were fairly roused against the incompetency of the King's ministers, and they demanded a voice, in the Government of the Country. The States-General was their constitutional mouthpiece, and through the States-General they intended to make themselves heard.

As a matter of fact so long a period had elapsed since the States-General had been summoned, that the greatest ignorance prevailed as to its constitution, its mode of election, and the basis on which the right to vote was to be determined. In the end

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however, when the elections were over, the members of third estate, the representatives of the people, outnumbered the combined forces of the nobility and the clergy.

On May 5th the States-General met at Versailles, and on that day the old Monarchy of France practically ended. Behold change the first.

The deposition of Louis XVI. and the massacre at Paris of the 10th August, 1792.

Louis soon discovered the fierce, uncompromising temper of the masses as represented by the deputies. They were no longer content to vote as King and Court might wish. They knew their power. They perceived that they were masters of the situation. The hour for action had arrived. The King was face to face with his people. Their stifled murmurings had swollen to a distinct cry. That cry was a demand. That demand was backed by a power to compel.

At the outset trouble arose between the King and the Commoners, by reason of the demand of the latter that all three estates should sit together. Gradually the clergy came in, but the nobles, the members of the Court, kept away. They were not prepared to mix with such *canaille*. Money was what the King wanted, and the only reason he had for summoning the Parliament was to get money.

He had misjudged everything; and, as if intent on self-destruction, he missed no opportunity of defying and exasperating the representatives of the people. He turned them from the hall at Versailles, and when subsequently they summoned themselves to a meeting in the great tennis court, lo! the Count d'Artois wished it for a game—and had it.

Such petty persecution was futile. The deputies of the people were, at heart, of too stern, too terrible a stuff lightly to be brushed aside. Over and over again they showed themselves not unwilling to be loyal and helpful to the King. But they were determined to end the absolutism of his monarchy. Louis might have yielded even that, but—he was married. Marie Antoinette, just when a woman might have saved everything, thrust her husband over the precipice, and sealed his fate and her own.

THE INSTIGATORS OF THE REVOLUTION OF AUGUST 10TH, AND SUBSEQUENTLY THE LEADERS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Pétion.

Jacobin Mayor of Paris when Louis XVI. was deposed.

Danton.

Kind hearted though rough and burly. A man of immense energy.

Marat.

The most bloodthirsty and terrible of the revolutionists. Assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

Robespierre.

The head of the Committee of Public Safety, a man of incorruptible virtue.

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SOME LEADERS OF THE DIRECTORY.

Carnot.
One of the most powerful men of the day.

Barras.
A noble of France, who gave young Napoleon his first command.

Sièyes.
A clever politician, and the real head of the Directory. He refused to become Second Consul.

Barthelemy.
A Royalist at heart, who succeeded Letoureur.

Rewbel.
Who was succeeded, on the expiring of his term, by Sièyes.

Two monarchs of France—Louis XVI. and Napolean III.—had their wives to thank for thrusting them irrevocably into the pit of utter and ignominious destruction.

On May 17th the States-General assumed the style of the National Assembly. It marked the second change in France's constitution.

The anger of Parliament found ample excuse for growing fiercer, until, urged by the Jacobins, the situation culminated in the horrors of August 10th, 1792. Armed

THE CONSULATE OF 1799.

Lebrun.
A man of integrity and a Monarchist.

Napoleon.
First Consul. He was just 30 years of age.

Cambac´rès.
A lawyer of great talent.

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The inauguration of the three Consuls.

with sticks and staves, axes and pikes, cannon, firearms, and torches, the multitude, swelling in numbers and in vehemence at every street corner, marched on the Tuilleries.

By seven o'clock in the morning the palace had been invested. The King took the desperate step of passing with his family across the garden to the Salle du Manège, where the Assembly was sitting. The royal fugitives were scarcely hurried to a cupboard for safety when the attack on the Tuilleries commenced.

By eleven o'clock the mob had taken possession of the palace. A few hours later "the chief of the executive power" was provisionally suspended by decision of the Assembly, and a convention was ordered to be named to determine the future government. The third and most terrible change had been effected. France had plunged from autocracy to anarchy.

The Jacobin commune of Paris now made its bid for power. Danton — burly, kind-hearted, impulsive Danton—became minister of justice. Marat—the cruellest, most bloodthirsty of all—became head of a committee of "general safety." The way was being paved to Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

The hour when the human tigers who had scraped their way to power might smell human blood had at length arrived. On the night of August 30th, the gates of Paris were closed and guarded. Its inhabitants were trapped like rats. As a result of domiciliary visits, over three thousand persons were arrested. On the second of September, like savages who had saved themselves for a monster orgie, the people rushed on their prey, and men, women, and even children, became red and splodged with blood—human blood —from finger tip to wrist, from wrist to elbow, until from head to foot, like butchers at the shambles, they stood with smeared faces and bloody clothes—masters and representatives of "la belle France." With scarcely a shadow of a trial the prisoners heard the ominous phrase, "à la force," and through a doorway they were thrust to their death at the hands of the crowd without.

Napoleon as Emperor of the French. He was 34 years old.

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Louis XVIII.
A Bourbon and brother of Louis XVI.

The carnival of crime grew gradually more scientific. Doubtless it was tiring work, hacking and hewing at people. The guillotine was swifter, although even the guillotine was soon voted slow.

From the court to the place of execution was a matter of some minutes' walk. Such waste of time! Why not have the guillotine brought nearer, until it stood outside the door, and dropped heads like a chaff-cutter?

Five hundred in a day was suggested as a fair day's work! From morn to eve five hundred! Say ten hours—fifty heads an hour—almost one a minute. Think of it! Not one hundred years ago. And France was even then "La belle France," with a catch cry of "Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!" Such was the Reign of Terror, the end of which came with the death of Robespierre.

Turned upon from all sides, by some because they realised that their lives depended on his death, by others out of revenge for the execution of Danton, he defended himself in the Assembly with skill and indomitable courage. Arrested once and released, he was re-arrested, but not before a young officer had shot him in the jaw. On July 20th, 1794, he was executed.

He was a curious character. He was a fanatic, a wild enthusiast, who seemed to see the shore of a millenium beyond a sea of blood. He was virtuous in an age of vice. He was gentle, yet a vain fop. He was incorruptible in an age when honesty was a stupid malady. He was generous and kind, and shrank from the bloody excesses of many with whom he was associated. History has not been just to Robespierre, a man than whom there is no more interesting character in the records of his country.

On August 22nd the fourth change of the constitution took place in the acceptance by the Convention of a Directory of five members, to be appointed by the two Chambers.

Charles X.
Who succeeded Louis XVIII.

A considerable amount of public opposition was shown on the part of the Royalist sections, which culminated in a furious struggle on October 5th, a day that saw the first advent into general notice of "the man of destiny," Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Their five Majesties at the Luxembourg," as the Directory were called, proved utterly incompetent. Napoleon returned, and on November 9th and 10th, 1799, the Council of the Five Hundred was dispersed, the Directory abolished, and the executive handed over to the three Consuls, of which Napoleon was the first. It was change the fifth. The most momentous change of all, in that it brought Napoleon to the head of affairs. The power of the second and third Consul was merely nominal. France had raised a master mind to the head, and for ill, and perhaps some small good, he guided her fortunes and multiplied her misfortunes for over fourteen years. A cherished idol he was, destined to prove of the basest clay.

On May 19th, 1804, behold the sixth change took place, when Bonaparte became Emperor of the French. This he remained

THE END OF THE BOURBONS.

The taking of the Louvre on 29th July, 1830. This completed the revolution of "the three glorious days of July" which resulted in the deposition of Charles X.

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until, on April 24th, 1814, Louis XVIII. entered Paris and the Bourbons once more held the French throne, thereby completing the seventh change.

Apart from the tragedy of the "Hundred Days," France actually saw a monarch die peacefully, or comparatively so, and be succeeded by his proper successor—Charles X.

For six years he misgoverned his country until. driven from his capital, he took shelter in England, and

The Orleanist, Louis Philippe.

was made, and the seal was set on the trial when Louis Napoleon became President.

What happened in the case of the great Napoleon happened now with his descendant, save only that in the former instance the man owed all to himself, whilst in the latter the man owed all to mere circumstance.

On December 20th, 1851, by the celebrated *coup d'état*, the constitution of France once again was altered, making the tenth change. Napoleon, by the new order

The Provisional Government after the abdication of Louis Philippe.

his kinsman, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, ascended the throne. Change the eighth was thus accomplished.

Circumstances and the man were against his succeeding, and, though he remained some eighteen years, 1848 saw Louis Philippe a fugitive to England and the Tuilleries in flames. It paved the way to the ninth change in this miserable cycle of changes.

Two monarchies and two failures had suggested to the fickle people another try at republicanism. The trial

Napoleon.

President of the Second Republic, and subsequently elected Emperor of the French.

of affairs, became President for ten years.

As it turned out, as indeed it was obvious, the Presidency was a thing of the past within twelve months. On November 21st, 1852, Louis Napoleon was elected on a plebiscite Emperor of the French—the eleventh change in this series of changes!

For eighteen years Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie maintained a brilliant Court, and yet, as though the throne of France steeped its possessor in utter insanity, Napoleon frittered his

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prestige until in the war with Prussia he set seal to his monarchy. He was taken a prisoner, and in 1870 the Second Empire had an event perhaps scarcely to be regarded as a change.

And from then to now the Republic has

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

M. Thiers.
Elected 31 Aug., 1871; resigned 24 May, 1873.

Marshal MacMahon.
Elected 24 May, 1873; resigned 28 Jan., 1879.

M. Grevy.
Elected 30 Jan., 1879; re-elected 28 Dec., 1885; resigned 2 Dec., 1887.

M. Carnot.
Elected 3 Dec., 1887; assassinated June, 1894.

M. Casimir-Perier.
Elected 27 June, 1894; resigned 12 Jan., 1895.

M. Faure.
Elected 17 Jan., 1895; died 16 Feb., 1899.

M. Loubet.
Elected 18 Feb., 1899.

ended, and a republic existed in its place. It was change the twelfth.

Even then Paris—the Paris that is France—passed into the hands of the Commune, lasted. Just twenty-nine years. Will it last another twenty-nine? Has France at last ceased to be fickle? Passing events scarcely yet justify the assumption.

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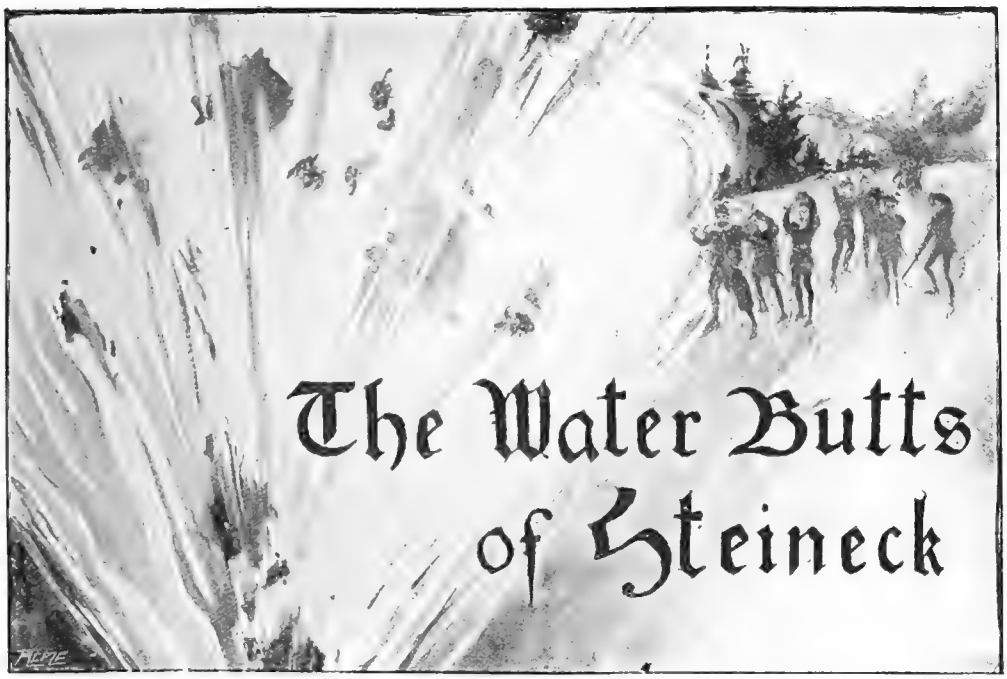

By Kirby Draycott.

I.

The time was about the beginning of those long wars which were waged promiscuously about Europe, and almost unceasingly in Middle Germany, soon after Martin Luther had, as the old historians say, hatched the egg that Erasmus laid, and produced that Dragon of religious discord whose ragings are even yet not silent among us.

The town and castle of Steineck lay on a northern spur of the Hartz mountains looking towards Hildesheim, which at that time was ruled by the famous Bishop Hugo, that warrior-priest who was just as stark a soldier in the field as he was a stubborn defender of the Church's rights in the Consistory and the Council-room.

The castle, as usual, stood on the highest point of the spur, with the tall, gabled houses clustering lovingly, as though for protection, about its feet. The whole spur was fortified at every available point, the walls and towers were in excellent repair, and well furnished with artillery, the best that there was in that transition period when the engines of ancient warfare still worked beside the new-fangled cannon, and men went out to battle armed, some of them with cross-bows, and some with arquebuses.

Moreover the town was provisioned for a good year, taking into account the simple requirements of the times, and there was no lack of water. This, it should be noted, was not drawn from the river which curved round the base of the spur about 500 yards from the outer walls, but from a secret source, the locality of which was only known to five persons in Steineck.

The chief of these was Count Rudolf, Lord of the Mark (or March) of Steineck, Bertha, his wife, Ritter Ludwig Golssen, warden of the castle, Ritter Franz von Oderau, captain of the garrison, and lastly, Wilhelm von Osterode, cousin of the Countess Bertha, were also in the secret, and it is chiefly of this Wilhelm that the present story will be told.

The position of affairs was this. Steineck, commanding the approaches from the south to Hildesheim and Hanover, had been for the last three months closely besieged by the forces of the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Protestant Lords. Just before the siege Count Rudolf had managed to send a message to the Bishop, who was away with his army on a Pilgrimage of Grace, as he called it, in the country round Osnabrück, that he

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was able and willing to keep the Duke busy until such time as His Eminence should find it convenient to come to his relief.

There was only one way in which Steineck could be reduced, save by an army of overwhelming strength such as Duke Albrecht of Brandenburg did not possess, and that was unknown to all save those few who, as everyone thought, might be completely trusted.

But it was just in this particular that Count Rudolf made his great mistake, as the course of the story will show. It was quite true that as long as Steineck could keep its water supply uninterrupted, it was virtually impregnable; but that, once cut off by a hostile or a treacherous hand, the strong walls, the artillery, and the stout hearts of the garrison would be as useless as the great stores of food which had been laid up against the seige.

Now, dwelling in the castle with the Count and the Countess was Hilda von Steinecke—a fair maiden of twenty, with eyes of morning and hair of sunset. She was Rudolf's younger sister, and heiress in her own right to as goodly a domain as the greediest suitor could long for. She had already pledged her troth, with her brother's full consent and approval, to Count Ernst von Stalberg, a young noble of the old Faith, who had already won no little distinction under the banner of the Bishop, and who might even now be marching with him to the release of Steineck.

In body tall and strong, in features dark and well favoured.

Wilhelm von Osterode knew this perfectly well, but, as he had loved Hilda from boyhood, and had sorely coveted that fair domain of hers ever since he had arrived at manhood, he had persisted in his suit even in despite of her manifest displeasure.

When the present war had broken out he had by deliberate design got himself shut up in Steineck, partly because he longed to be near the lady of his love and partly because of a secret feeling that some day the chances of war might do him a good turn, and these chances he had never ceased to ponder on since the gates had been closed.

In person he was presentable enough; in body tall and strong and well proportioned, and in features dark and well-favoured enough in the eyes of one who did not look too closely. That he loved the Lady Hilda honestly enough, there was no reason to doubt. She herself did not doubt it, neither did Count Rudolf nor his wife, and had he only been her choice instead of this pestilent Ernst von Stalberg, he would have striven honestly to be a good and worthy husband to her.

After he had taken his last refusal from her lips — gently spoken and with tears in the soft eyes which maddened him, and yet said in such fashion that he could not but take it as irrevocable — the blood in his veins seemed to turn into venom and the base spirit of treachery entered into his soul.

For a good five hours after he had parted from Lady Hilda he paced the round of the ramparts, ostensibly inspecting the sentries and seeing to the state of the defences. He had long talks with many of the sentries after they had come off duty and with one of them longer than with any of the others. This man was named Piet Uhlmann, and he was not a landsman, or native of the March of Steineck, but a mercenary from the south, one who cared not on which side he fought and would willingly change sides for the prospect of another thaler a month.

In the morning von Osterode took occasion to have some conversation with his cousin, and in the course of it managed adroitly to win from her all that she knew concerning the secret water supply upon

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After he had taken his last refusal from her lips the base spirit of treachery entered his soul.

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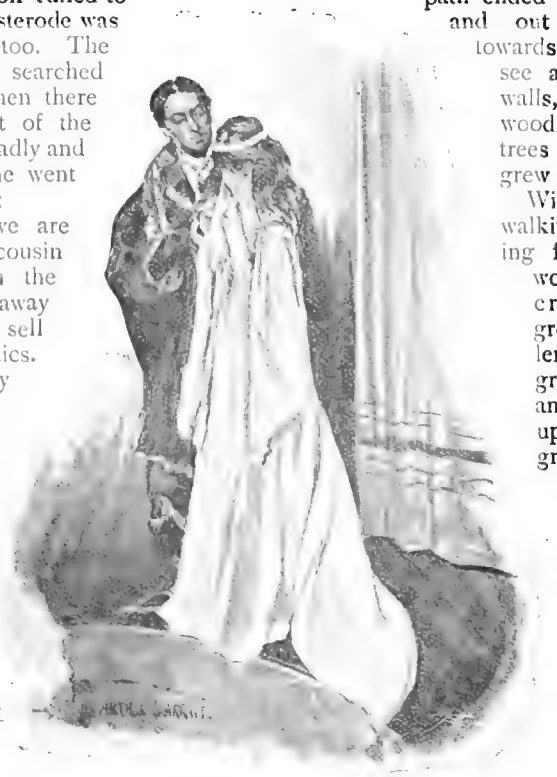
which the town depended. This she gave him in all innocence as to one of her own kin and a loyal defender of the place, and when he left her what he had known before of it was supplemented with knowledge particular enough to take him straight to the hidden source.

The next night when the guards were relieved at four o'clock in the morning Piet Uhlmann's post was found empty. A knotted rope was hanging over the wall in the shadow of a tower hard by, and when the alarm was given and the garrison called to arms Wilhelm von Osterode was found to be missing too. The town and castle were searched for him in vain and then there came into the heart of the Countess Bertha a deadly and shameful fear, and she went to her Lord and said:

"Rudolf, I fear we are undone. This base cousin of mine has taken the secret of the water away with him, and he will sell it and us to the heretics. It was only yesterday that he was talking for over an hour with me about it and I, alas, unsuspecting, added to his knowledge all mine."

"And but a day before he had pressed his suit on Hilda, so she told me, and she refused it once and for all," said the Count, sadly and sternly. "Well, there is no telling what man will do for the love of woman, or what may come out of love when once it is turned into despair. He hath changed his faith, too, more than once, and he who changes faith may well change honour. How much better a thing war would be if it could only be kept clear of love! Yet weep not, sweet Countess, I will go and see to the storing up of the water while we have it, and no doubt we shall get enough to hold out till the Bishop comes."



"Weep not, sweet Countess."

* * * *

After they had dropped safely from the walls, Wilhelm von Osterode and his companion in treachery and desertion struck upwards along the mountains towards the river bank to the southward of the town and away from the camp of the Duke.

When day broke they found themselves in a narrow depression in the summit of a flat-topped hill about a thousand feet higher than the spur on which Steineck stood. So far they had travelled nearly the whole way through the close-standing pine trees with which the hills were clothed, but here the path ended in a small clearing and out of this, looking towards Steineck, you could see a rift in the forest walls, or rather a straight woodland in which the trees were younger and grew more sparsely.

Wilhelm at once began walking about the clearing followed by Piet's wondering eyes. He crossed it in its greater and shorter lengths, examining the ground very carefully, and presently he came upon a little patch of green moss towards the upper end of the shallow valley. He stooped and tore some of this up hurriedly with his hands. It grew in soft, moist peat, and under this at a depth of about a foot were rough-hewn stones which seemed a long time ago to have been cemented together with lime. He lay down at full length with his ear close to these stones, and then in a little while he got up and, setting his back to the stones, he walked down the valley over a little ridge which separated it from the slope beyond, and from this ridge he counted a hundred paces down the woodland. Then he stopped between two tall pine trees that had been marked with an axe, and pointing to the ground he said to Piet:

"Take thy dagger and dig here."

He set to with a will, and in less than half an hour he had cleared away a space of

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nearly a yard square, and had laid bare more stones like those in the valley. Both put their ears to these and heard the rush of water close under them.

"That is enough," said von Osterode. "Now we can go to the Duke with something worth telling him."

There was murder in both their hearts as they descended the hills towards the camp; but as each guessed the other's thoughts, both kept well on their guard till they had forded the river, and come in sight of the Duke's sentries, and so they reached the camp with whole skins.

Von Osterode was well-known by name to the Duke, so when he had received his message saying that he came from Steineck with information for his private ear, Brandenburg at once ordered that he should be brought to his tent.

There were few words wasted between them. The Duke was getting anxious about the Bishop's army, which must march to the relief of the town before many days were over. If the town still held out he would be forced to raise the siege, and might perhaps suffer defeat in the field as well. But with Steineck in his hands the tables would be turned, so they did not take long in coming to terms. For himself Wilhelm asked a thousand crowns in gold, the hand of the Lady Hilda and her estates, and for Piet a thousand silver thalers and permission to depart free when the town had fallen. And to these terms, as time pressed, the Duke had agreed with very little argument. Then von Osterode satisfied his hunger and thirst at the Duke's table, and within an hour had started off for the hills again with Piet and a strong company of sappers armed with shovels, picks, and crow-bars, and carrying half a dozen kegs of powder.

II.

Towards four o'clock that afternoon the anxious watchers on the walls and towers of Steineck heard a sound from the hills like a roll of distant thunder, and saw a puff of blue-white smoke rise out of the trees and drift away and lose itself in the clear air. A few minutes later the stream that filled the great cistern under the castle walls ran dry, and so the first result of von Osterode's treachery had been brought about.

Count Rudolf had taken every precaution that was possible in the face of such a disaster. Every vessel that would hold water in the town had been filled. Everyone, soldier and civilian, had been put on rations as soon as the flight of the traitors had been discovered; but there was close on six thousand souls in Steineck, and the weather was hot. In three days at the most, children would be crying for water and men would be looking longingly from the battlements at the cool, bright river into which a good archer could shoot an arrow, but which, so far as the men and women of Steineck were concerned, might as well have been a hundred miles away.

That afternoon the beleaguering forces drew closer round the city, and the Duke concentrated his batteries and forces on those points at which it would be easiest for the besieged to reach the river; for it was not now a matter of clothyard shafts and powder and shot; they had an ally now in the town against which these were of no avail. If the Bishop did not come soon Steineck must yield or go mad with thirst.

Count Rudolf quickly saw that the Duke

He lay down at full length.

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had made his dispositions so well that there was no hope of any messenger from the town getting through the besieging host and carrying a letter to the Bishop, telling him of the urgency of the strait to which the town was now reduced.

Bitterly he regretted now that confident message which had told the Bishop that Steineck could hold out for ever; but that was of no avail, and so, as he could send no envoy by land, he determined to do his best to send a message through the air.

That night, therefore, huge beacon fires blazed on all the topmost towers of Steineck, fires which could be seen for nearly a hundred miles across the level plain to the north.

For that night and two others after the fires blazed sky-high, and when the fourth morning dawned clear and calm, giving promise of another burning day, the water was nearly done, and there were no signs of Bishop Hugo's army to be seen.

So Count Rudolf made up his mind that that night they must fight their way out to the river and get water, even at the price of blood, or the next day they must yield, conquered by an enemy which no human strength or valour could fight against.

The long, weary, burning hours passed as though each of them had been a day, and lips grew drier, and throats hotter, and tongues harder, and eyes began to look with the longing of madness on the broad bright sweep of the river as it wound away into the sunny distance across the plain. The last remains of the store of water, eked out as it had been with wine or beer, must be consumed by evening. The men had drunk nothing but beer and wine, so that the water might be saved for the women and children, but these also were nearly done now and in another twelve hours there would not be a drop of drinkable liquid left in Steineck. Therefore Count Rudolf took counsel with the Warden and the Captain of the garrison and decided on a midnight sortie to the river.

At sundown the fires were lighted as usual and the weary hours of impatience wore on until the first stroke of twelve boomed out from the castle clock-tower. Then there suddenly went up a strange, hoarse cry from many parched throats on the towers and battlements. By the light of the fires Count Rudolf saw men pointing out over the plain with hands and weapons. He was just about to give the order for the drawbridge to be lowered, but he told the warden to hold his men for a little, and ran up on to the northern wall, and there to his great joy and comfort he saw a long line of twinkling fires dotted along the plain to the northward, and extending completely round the rear of the Brandenburgers.

"May God and his holy saints be praised, it is the Bishop at last!" he cried in a clear voice as for a moment the agony of thirst left him. "We shall drink our fill before morning—and of something more than water."

Then he went down to the gate and told the captain and warden and ordered the last rations of beer and wine to be served out to the troops. The men knew well that this was their last drink in life unless they could win their way to the water and hold it, and each one felt his heart leap for joy as the portcullis creaked up and the drawbridge rattled down.

All the rest of that night under the stars and the new-risen moon was fought as fierce a fight as any in the wars between Protestants and Catholics.

The men of Steineck fought their way to the river and held it with stubborn desperation while water was carried in buckets and rolled in casks up to the town, and while the Bishop's army closed in on the rear and flanks of the Brandenburghers.

When morning dawned the Duke saw that his position was hopeless. Another twelve hours, and he would have had the town and could have laughed at the Hildesheimers, but now he must either make terms or see his army cut to pieces and crushed between the Bishop's forces and the walls of Steineck, so the white flag fluttered above his defeated host, and by noon he was making terms with Count Rudolf.

Of these terms, which permitted him to retire to his own Duchy under certain stringent conditions after payment of heavy ransom for himself and his principal knights, there is only one stipulation that concerns us here.

Both the Bishop and Count Rudolf utterly refused to make peace or give quarter unless Wilhelm von Osterode and his treacherous ally were given unconditionally into their hands. Both had tried desperately to save themselves by flight, but this, for their sins, was not to be, and so that afternoon they found themselves securely fettered, each in a separate dungeon under the castle wall.

There they remained, supplied with plenty of food but no water or other drinkable, till both fell into a terror at the thought that they were doomed to die of thirst and amidst the

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same torments to which they had condemned the people of Steineck.

But this was not to be, and after many hours, of which both had lost count, they were taken out of their cells and carried in their chains through the crowds of men and women and children who came out into the streets to curse them and spit upon them, and so they were brought to the Town-hall. As they entered the justice-room among their guards von Osterode's heart sank within him as he saw, not only the Bishop and Count Rudolf sitting at the upper end with the mayor and chief notary of the town, but also the stately figure of Ernest von Stalberg, and when their eyes met he saw there was to be no forgiveness for him.

They were stood up at the bar before the platform on which their judges sat, and the Bishop, looking as cold and stern as one of the effigies of the Counts of Steineck which stood round the walls, began to speak in a loud harsh voice.

"Wilhelm von Osterode, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire," he said, "the double crimes of apostasy and treachery have been proved against you by your own deeds. The first is enough to send you to the stake, and the second to the gallows. But you and this vile accomplice of yours have been guilty of even worse crimes than these, if that were possible. In cold blood and for the satisfaction of your own greedy and selfish ends, you condemned thousands of brave men, tender women and helpless little children to the agonies of thirst, so that their sufferings might force a loyal gentleman and a faithful son of that Church, which you have deserted and falsely returned to, to surrender the trust which God and the Church had given into his hands. Yet, black and all as your iniquity is, the Countess Bertha, your cousin, whose kinship you disgrace, has found it in her gentle heart to plead for mercy for you, and this much we have promised her—that you shall be spared the torment of the stake and the disgrace of the rope."

At this von Osterode heaved a deep sigh of relief, but there was a grim smile now on the face of the Bishop, and his next words dispelled all hope of life for the two traitors.

"Yet both your lives are forfeit by all the laws of God and man," he went on in a tone that was even harder and sterner than before, "and you must die. Moreover I have found a death for you which shall in some degree be in keeping with your crime. Now take them away to the chapel; they have an hour for repentance and absolution if they are found worthy of it."

No one else spoke and the prisoners were hurried away at once before they had time to make any protest against their mysterious sentence, even if such had been possible.

An hour and a half later, as the castle clock was striking three they were brought out of the great gate and carried down towards that river on which, through their deed, the men and women and children of Steineck had gazed with such longing agony but a few days before. On their way through the streets von Osterode had looked in vain for any sign of the Countess Bertha or Lady Hilda. They had, in fact, left the town that morning to recover themselves and the Countess's children from the fatigues and sufferings of the seige at one of Count Rudolf's country houses situated in a pleasant valley some four hours journey up the river. It may easily be imagined, too, that neither of them had any desire to be in the town while the sentence of the Lord Bishop was being carried out.

When the prisoners reached the river bank they beheld a somewhat strange sight. A space some ten yards square had been cut out of the bank nearest the town. The bottom of this space was a little lower than the level of the river, but a bank had been left to keep the river water out of it. The floor of it sloped from one end to the other. In the higher end two great casks had been sunk, and from the bank to each of these there was laid a leaden pipe. Beside each cask, too, lay an iron bowl or hand-basin.

All round the space there were seats for the Bishop and Count Rudolf and the principal personages of the army of Hildesheim and the town of Steineck. All round, too, on the rising ground and on the walls of the town itself there were gathered thousands of people who had come to see the justice of the Bishop wrought out upon the two traitors.

Their legs were bound and loaded with fetters, but their arms were left free.

"Put them in," said the Bishop from his seat close by the casks. "They are thirsty, and they have made others thirst. Put them in, and let them drink. Let them see that our justice is kinder than their treachery."

Von Osterode kept his silence and his dignity, but Piet screamed, and cursed, and prayed alternately, as he was lifted up and dropped into his cask. Von Osterode was dropped into his at the same time, and they were stood facing each other. By standing

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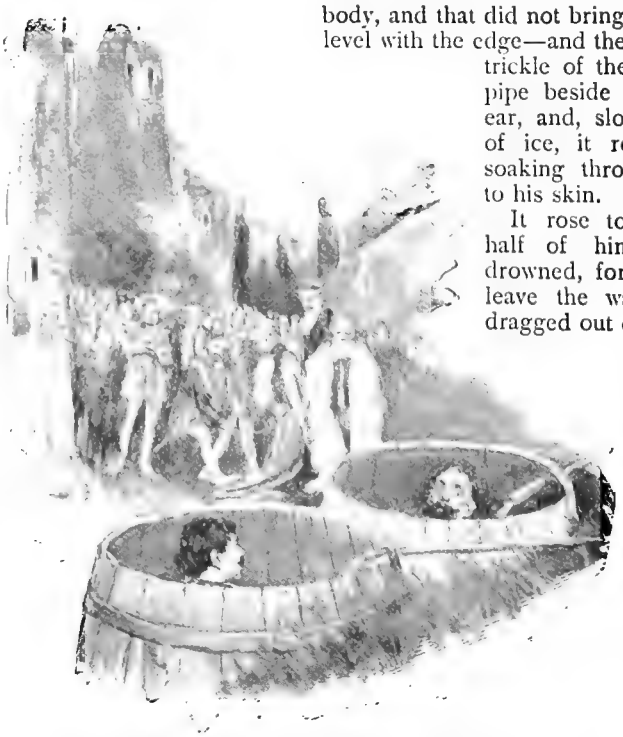
bolt upright they could just see each other's eyes and the horror in them.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Bishop, with an ironical laugh—for his eminence had dined well that day in the castle—"you who denied water to others shall have water in plenty and to spare for yourselves. Give them the basins and let the pipes run."

The ends of the pipes which pierced the bank just under the level of the river had been stopped with clay. This was now taken out, and the water began to flow into the casks. Both now saw the end that was in store for them, and yet, so strong are human appetites and so imperious the demands of Nature, that no sooner did the water begin to run from the pipes than both took the basins that had been given to them, filled them with water, and drank greedily.



The water began to flow into the casks.

Then those who watched saw the difference between the blood of these two traitors. He whose blood had been noble till the poison of disappointed love had turned it sour, when he had taken his drink from the basin flung it away from him, after which he crossed himself, and then, turning his face up to Heaven, cried in a loud voice:

"God have mercy on me, a sinner and one who is not fit to live!"

His voice sounded strangely from the hollow of the tub, but it was the last they heard from him in the form of articulate words. He folded his arms and leaned up against the edge of the cask, and so he waited for death.

But Piet Uhlmann, when he heard the trickle of the water from the pipe and felt it gathering about his feet and rising inch by inch to his knees, seemed stricken with a stupor of terror. He could not believe that he was to be drowned here, standing in a cask with the dry ground within a few inches of his nose and the soft, warm wind of Heaven blowing over his rough hair.

It was not possible. He had swum rivers before and been swept away in torrents and well-nigh drowned half-a-score of times. But this was all so different. His feet rested on firm ground—but they were so heavily fettered he could not lift either of them. His hands were free and he could grasp the edge of the cask—but not an inch could he raise his head above the utmost stretch of his neck and body, and that did not bring his nostrils quite level with the edge—and there was the gentle trickle of the water from the pipe beside him close to his ear, and, slowly, like a ring of ice, it rose about him, soaking through his clothes to his skin.

It rose to his waist and half of him was already drowned, for it would never leave the water till he was dragged out dead.

The water rose to his waist, then to his breast, then to his armpits—and then he woke from his stupor with a yell of terror and, turning, clapped the palm of his right hand against the pipe and stopped the water. Why had he not thought of this before? Von Osterode had not had the wit to do it. He laughed, and the onlookers laughed too. Then he remembered that, though he might keep his hand there till his arm fell paralysed, yet afterwards the pitiless water would begin to flow again. Some time or other, too, sleep would overcome him, even as it did men upon the rack, and the water would flow on.

He took his hand away and fell to raving and cursing the Bishop and the Count and all about him, uttering hideous blasphemies which made some long to strike him dead and end them.

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So the water rose to his neck.

It had already risen to von Osterode's chin. He had thrown his head back to take one last breath of the sweet air of Heaven, and then the water rose to his lips and his nostrils. They saw him fight it fiercely with his hands for a few moments in a last uncontrollable struggle of Nature against Death. Then he forced his hands down by his side, the water rose to his eyes, bubbled for a little space, and then flowed out quietly over the edge of the cask.

But the inevitable death took Piet differently. When the water reached his chin he took the basin in both hands and flung the water out in great splashes, labouring fiercely and desperately till the tide of death had gone down to his breast again. Then he rested and forced his shoulder up against the pipe, so that the water came only in a little trickle, and, seeing this, the Bishop sent a man-at-arms who pushed him away with the point of his halberd, saying with a laugh that the bystanders took up:

"Art tired Piet—tired as we were waiting for water in the city? Up man, and to thy work! We would have given much for the water thou art flinging away so wastefully.

The gibe set Piet cursing again and those about him laughing. The water crept up again, and again he fell to his hopeless task with the basin. He stopped the pipe with his hands once more, screaming for pity, but the soldier forced them away again with his weapon. Nearly a score of times the water rose to his lips, and as often he drove it back a few inches with the basin, till at last his numbed and weary hands and arms refused their work and the basin slipped from his fingers and sank to his feet. He fought the slowly-rising death with his hands, as von Osterode had done, but longer and more fiercely. But soon his upstretched face began to sway from side to side and sink back. The water bubbled about it and horrible sounds came from the cask. Then the sounds ceased and the bubbles vanished and, as Ernst von Stalberg told his wife long after when the horror of the sight had been somewhat softened by time, all that could be seen was the calm water flowing over the edges of the casks with a man's head moving slowly about in the midst of each.

Photo by C. Reid, of Wishaw.

On the edge of the lake.

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A HORSE THAT GOES TO BED.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

The risings and goings-to-bed of kings have long been celebrated with appropriate functions, but it is a little unusual that crowds of people should gather together to see a horse go to bed. Yet such is actually the case, and it happens in Paris. Naturally when you wish to set the fashions, whether you are man, woman, dog, or horse, you go to Paris, and the horse in question is distinctly the leader of fashions for the swell equine set. For the present season his decrees prescribe trousers of tweed, of a large plaid design for the hind-legs, a neat lounge coat of blue broadcloth for the fore-legs and shoulders, cuffs and collars of starched linen with a narrow blue stripe, and patent leather shoes for the hind feet. Gloves are not yet worn on the fore-feet. The mane is no longer worn plaited with pink ribbons, but the tail is still worn banged. Only on one point do we take issue with this equine dictator. He wears a large imitation gold pin in his scarf of pink satin ribbon. Well-bred horses should certainly be less vulgar in their display, and a small silver spur or stirrup would be much better form. The wearing of little horse-shoes in the tie is now relegated entirely to mankind.

Mr. Good Night enters in full costume, with coloured shirt, fashionable jacket, big checked trousers, and neat boots.

This emancipator of horsekind is a thorough cosmopolitan, being Flemish by birth, German by education, while his greatest vogue has been in France. Yet his name is English, and rather a peculiar one for a horse, for he is called "Good Night." He confided to me that he hopes to come to England in the summer, as soon as his French engagements are fulfilled.

Mr. Good Night is now living in chambers at 267, Rue St. Honoré, which, by the way, is the same street in which the President of the French Republic lives. I had the pleasure of calling just at noon the other day, which was the hour that the management of the Nouveau Cirque had conferred upon him the freedom of their practice track. I was, therefore, fortunate enough to be present when he was putting on his clothes, which is a ceremony to which the general public is never invited. I found him carefully stepping into his trousers, one leg at a time, much the same as a man does, but his coat went on backwards, and buttoned behind instead of in front. His valet must also be an experienced tailor, for his clothes are sewn on him each time in order to assure a good fit, and to make his undressing (which is the public part of the performance) easier and more graceful.

I noted the entire absence of buckles and the presence of buttons and basting threads; the general effect of a tailor-made horse interested me, and I decided to interrogate him about his new ideas. His human agent, Herr Schumann, who speaks not only horse-talk, but is fluent in German, French, and English, acted as interpreter, so that the interview presented no difficulties.

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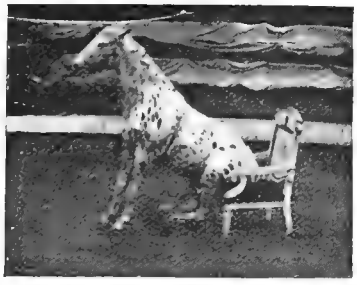
He takes off his coat, then his trousers.

"Good morning, Mr. Good Night!" I said. "Horses have long enjoyed a reputation for good sense, so no doubt you can tell me some valid reason for this adoption of clothing by a race of animals whose natural coat has always been so much admired."

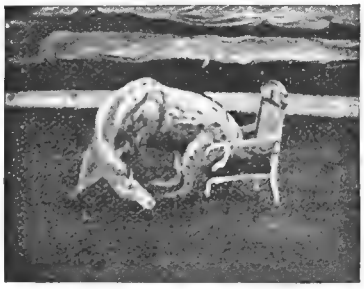
"Yes, I have a good reason for it. I think you will admit it when you have heard me. Naturally you have been pre-occupied with human affairs, and have not given this horse question so much deep and anxious thought as I have. When a long-headed horse sees underground roads burrowing under every street of Paris; when he sees steam trams and electric trams, leg bicycles and motor bicycles, motocycles and motor carriages, balloons, and even possible flying machines all conspiring to take his place and crowd him entirely outside the realm of usefulness, it's enough to bring him up on his hind legs with apprehension. This question worried my colthood, and finally I undertook a thorough educational course in the Circus Schumann at Prague to fit myself to settle the question of a higher destiny for the horse."



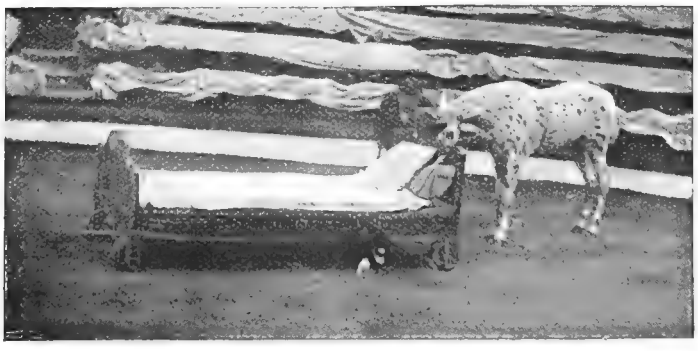
He seats himself in an an armchair and—

"And you conceive that higher destiny to be the giving of full dress entertainments in a circus?" I put in.

"Not at all. Just you trot steady, and don't break into a gallop like that. This circus exhibition is only a means to gain my end. The twentieth century horse must follow the example of the nineteenth century dog, and leave the realm of usefulness for the realm of fashion. There's my theory in a mouthful of oats. Just consider that case of the dog, now. Is he a useful animal? No. Does he thrive without labour? Is he petted and dressed in fine clothes, and fed more than (for lack of exercise) he can find appetite for? You must admit that he is, and all because it is the fashion to make pets of dogs. All the curs of Paris put together don't do so much useful work as the one extra bus-horse that is put on at the Champs Elysèes to help pull up to the Arch of Triumph. And yet they are a sleek, fat, lazy, well-dressed lot, that bark at the heels of the noble horse, or have the impudence to ride on a broadcloth cushion in a rubber-tyred carriage behind us! Well? I don't need a lash of the whip to make me trot downhill. There's an idea in all that for the hundreds of horses that are daily losing the jobs in which they have long and faithfully served.



proceeds to take off his boots.



He then wheels in his bedstead.

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Being somewhat particular, he shakes up the sheet and makes his bed for himself.

The useful world has no more room for us, and we are going to claim a place in the fashionable world."

"Do you think you can convert horsedom to these ideas?" I ventured.

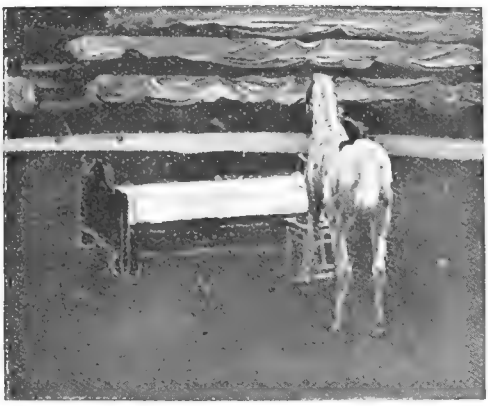
"Horsedom! I don't intend to try. What good would that do? I must convert mankind. Men must buy broadcloth and feather-beds for us, and exhibit us for their pleasure and gratification. That's why I joined a fashionable circus instead of going around lecturing to horses, as you think I should. I show the men and women here what a fine idea it is to have a horse trained to act like a human being and to live as they live. If you put a notion like that before a man's eyes, and show him where he can grasp it with his two hands, he is quite capable of working it out himself."

"You do have a degree of confidence in us, then," I laughed.

"Oh yes, you have man-sense; that isn't exactly horse-sense, but it serves very well in its way!"

"Well, Mr. Good Night, I rather like your ideas. Perhaps I can assist you a little. Do you have any objection to giving me a private rehearsal of your cleverness, so that I may make your ideas concretely and pictorially known to the people of England? I assure you the horse is very much loved over there."

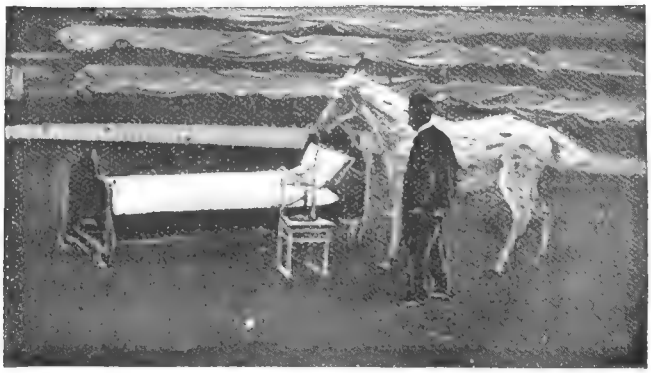
"Will I? You don't know how disappointed I would have been if that square box you carry had not turned out to be a Kodak. I'll give you as many private rehearsals as you like, show you how I do all my little mannish tricks, and pose for you in every position and as long as you wish. Say, maybe it wasn't advertising that put the bicycle in my place! Ever since I saw those two-wheeled things on the posters and in the magazines, I have said to myself advertising is the twentieth century force and it must play a large part in my scheme. Now when you are ready just tell me to stand steady and look pleasant, and you may bleach my spots if I don't make pictures for you!"



He next brings in a chair for his candle.

"You are very obliging; suppose you go through your act for me at once."

"Well, I usually enter the circus like this on my hind legs with my fore feet in the air. It's more like a man you know. You can't get a snapshot of me in this light? Then I will stand down on all fours and pose for you. Be sure you get my button-hole bouquet in the picture! Perhaps you think that handkerchief sticking out of my coat pocket is just for show, but it



With a lighted taper he lights the candle, and—

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isn't. You see I seize that in my teeth when I am ready to pull off half of my coat. A steady pull tears the basting threads, my coat sleeve comes open. The other half of the coat comes off the same way, and I have my cue to do it when I hear the German word, '*essen!*'

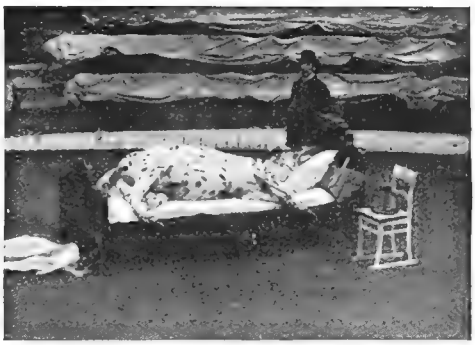
"Now for the trousers. I reach back and take the cloth between my teeth at the place where it covers my flank, then a steady pull loosens the basting threads and rips open the leg seam. In the same manner the other trouser leg comes off, and I have nothing left on me but my two shoes.

"Now it may be easy for a man to stand on one foot and take the shoe off the other; but to enable a horse to get the shoes off his hind feet he must sit down. Therefore my valet brings in a big armchair. One of the hardest things I have had to learn is to sit down in a chair gracefully and with comfort. Now, you simply bend your knees out and sit down as a matter of course, but if you had been born a horse, your knees would bend in the wrong way, instead of bending out to make room for the edge of the chair. There now, push the button while I look comfortable, for really I am not! Next, to get my shoes off, I swing my head down and take their useless toes between my teeth and pull them off, one at a time.

"Now, will you excuse me a moment while I go for my bed? It is big and heavy and doesn't roll easily, but I always bring it into the circus myself. I run and give it a push with my head like this. It hurts a

glances at the evening paper.

little, but I don't care, for the crowd always applauds. Shall I stand here like this and pretend to be pushing while you make the picture? Two seconds isn't so long to stand still after all, is it? But I have such a perfectly unconscious habit of switching my tail and tossing my head, that posing doesn't come natural to me. At real performances I have to make the bed. I bring in part of the mattress, the bolster, and the



Growing weary he retires for the night, but—

pillow, and spread out the sheet myself. I can shake up a sheet like a regular country housewife. Now, watch me! I am afraid I moved too quickly that time, but you can see how I take the corner in my mouth and give it a good flutter.

"Before retiring, I usually like to sit down on the bed and have a look over the paper. The *Figaro* sends me a copy every day pasted on a frame, so it will stand up straight for me. But I can't make any horse sense out of this Dreyfus affair! It seems to be a sort of distemper which attacks all the statesmen, generals and judges, and the only way to cure them is to turn them out on grass!

"You see I am a 'horse in liberty,' as the circus people say. I am loose to run where I please, but when friend Schumann here cracks his whip, I know it is time to trot off and bring in a chair and afterwards to bring in a large candlestick with a candle in it. Then I must bring in a large match or a small torch to light the candle. That frightened me at first, but I said what a man dare do, a horse dare do, and now I am used to it. The torch is a stout wire with a pad at the top for me to take in my teeth and some felt at the other end saturated with alcohol. My valet lights this just off the scene and I bring it in and light the candle all myself. Then I blow out the lighted felt by waving it quickly in the air, like this. Of course, you can't photograph that, but you did catch me lighting the candle, didn't you?

"Now I lay me down to sleep. And it

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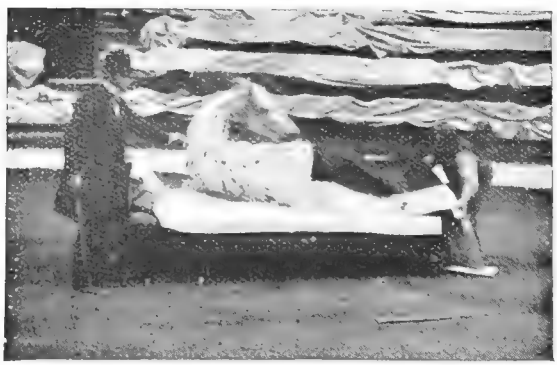
discovers that a practical joker has placed something in his bed.

isn't so easy to get into a man's bed squarely and properly, with your head on the pillow and your feet gracefully disposed! I begin by sitting down on the foot of the bed, the same as when I was reading the paper, then I gradually heel over like this. Oh, wait a minute! Have you taken me? I forgot I had my feet toward you when really my back makes the prettiest picture. But anyhow, I usually get up at this stage of the proceedings. Here is where higher culture in the horse meets with some of the discomforts of human civilisation. These mattressed beds are nice, but they are apt to have annoying little lodgers which horses on straw know nothing about. So I jump up now and catch one, and, throwing him down on the floor, I stamp him with my fore feet until he is supposed to be dead. But he always turns up at the next performance just the same.

"Now I will lie down properly for you, without my feet in the foreground. There I am. How is that? My valet has the silk quilt to place just over my haunches, then I lift my head, and, taking the quilt in my teeth, I pull it up over me like this. Now you see me quite covered, and supposed to be in deep sleep. But just here is where I always listen for creepy music, for a burglar sneaks into the circus ring to steal my purse from my coat pocket at the foot of the bed. Just as he is making off with it, I spring from the bed and run after him like mad. I chase him outside the ring, and after a moment of waiting I rush back across the ring with the unlucky burglar in my mouth. I go so quickly that everybody thinks I really have the man in my mouth. Of course you will see that it is a dummy, dressed the same as the burglar; but don't mention that detail to the little children who come to see me. They all think that I catch the burglar and eat him, which only serves him right for trying to burgle a hard-working horse.

Once again he lays himself down, whilst his valet brings in a silk quilt—

"Yes, I think that is all I do. Any conscientious horse can learn to do it in two years' time at a training circus where the masters have intelligence and patience, as my good master Schumann has. Good morning, sir. I hope you will come in and see me at a performance some day."



which Mr. Good Night carefully pulls over himself.

Google

Apache Dolls.

MY COLLECTION OF DOLLS.

THE MINIATURE LADS AND LASSIES OF MANY LANDS.

By Laura B. Starr.

"Drink and dance and pipe and play,
Kisse our dollies night and day."

The doll is the first and most natural toy of the child; the manikin in one form or another is universal. The institution of the doll is as old as childhood itself; it is found among both savage and civilised people, in each case bearing a close resemblance to the race or tribe to which it belongs, particularly in its costume.

The first dolls of which we have any record, were found among the treasures brought to light from the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. They are small, terra-cotta figures, and ivorines, beautifully carved, which must have been most fascinating little dollies for the Assyrian children.

Sioux

The dolls of the small Roman ladies were clay images with jointed arms and legs attached by threads. Those found in the Roman catacombs are of this sort. Dolls of ivory and wax were undoubtedly known at that time, but as they were very expensive they were relegated to the children of the richer classes. There are some fine examples of them, which came from the catacombs of Priscilla, to be seen in the museum in Copenhagen.

The little maids of Sardes, the capital of Lydia, whiled away their childhood hours with mechanical dolls whose arms and legs could be moved by pulling strings; so you see the jointed doll of to-day is almost as old as the world.

The dolls of the classic Greek maidens were made of wax or clay, decorated with bright colours. There was one kind with flexible limbs whose clothes were made to take off and put on, and every doll had a bed of its own. The doll-house, with its lead dishes and tiny kitchen utensils, was as familiar to those children as to our own; the various specimens in the Vatican museum testify to this fact.

Indian

These dolls of ancient Greece represented gods, heroes and mortals; but however rude or strange a form they took, they were dressed with the same loving care by the

Dolls.

Google

little Greeks as if they had been the most perfect creatures.

In Greece, the daughters were often given in marriage at an early age, so that, as a rule, the maidens played with their childish favourites until just before the wedding day. Then they made a sacrifice of their discarded dolls wiih their wardrobes, to some temple of the maiden Artemis, dedicating them as a pious offering.

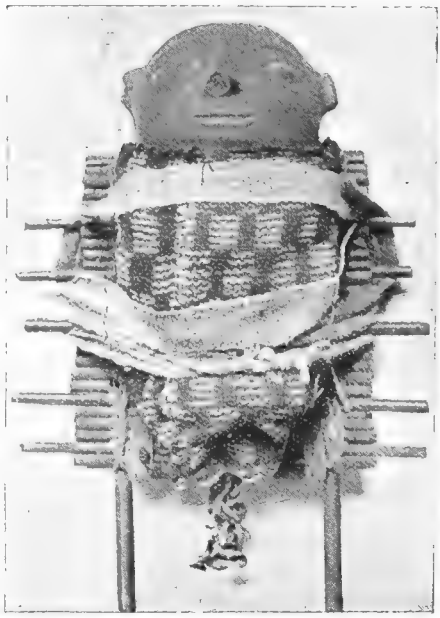
If a daughter died before reaching the age of maturity, her dolls were buried with her; and thus it happens that we have been able to learn the kind and fashion of dolls which comforted the childhood of these children, for all that we now possess have been taken from their tombs. Some of them were undoubtedly household gods of the nursery, but still we find the toy doll as well. The same thing frequently happens here, for do we not often place in the coffin of a dead child the doll it loved, which perhaps the little one clutched tight in its hands as the breath was departing.

A Feather-clad Indian Doll Idol.

The old saying that the first child is the last doll is not always true, for we read of one woman who played with her dolls when she was forty years of age, and another at twenty-seven.

Froude, in his "Life of Carlyle," tells us how Mrs. Carlyle, at the age of nine, made an end of doll play. It was her pride that made her do it, not loss of interest in the dolls. It had been intimated to her that a young lady, who could read Virgil, looked very childish playing with dolls. She decided that dolly must die in a tragic, classic way, like Dido; so a funeral pyre was built, and dolly and all her belongings were placed upon it, and then this old young

An Indian Doll Idol.



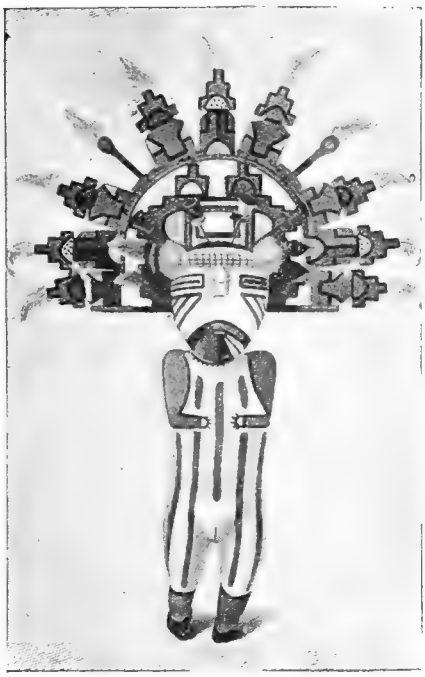
A Peruvian Doll.

Google

woman calmly set fire to it. Nobody can say how many times she regretted the loss of her playmate, for history is silent on that point, but it is safe to say that the ashes were wept over many a day.

Every country in the world has given dolls to its children, or the little ones have evolved them out of pillows, rags, or sticks for themselves. The girl, by reason of "inherited habit," or perchance by the stirring of some impulse of maternity, manages to convert any number of objects into the semblance of a doll.

This trait of character is so strong and controlling that it overrides even the laws of Islam, which forbid the reproduction of the human body by statue or picture. In spite of this the Moslem child hugs and kisses a something which stands for a miniature human creature.



An Indian Doll Idol.

A Southern Negro.

It is recorded that Ayessha, the nine year old wife of the Prophet, romped around with her dolls in the harem, and what is more, compelled Mohammed himself to help her play with them.

An Oriental scholar informs us that the Mohammedan women of Bagdad see a spectre in every doll which they fear might unexpectedly become active, and do harm to the children. Dolls, therefore, are never given to them as toys; but the voice of Nature is stronger in the girls than the commands of the mother, for they proceed as soon as they are old enough to make dolls by rolling up their clothes, or a pillow, or dressing up a piece of wood.

The dolls found in the graves of extinct races in Greenland do not differ materially from those in use in that country to-day. With the children of the Arctic races the doll, as elsewhere, plays an important part. In Siberia it is a cumbersome little creature dressed in clumsy fur garments. The dolls of Alaskan children are finely made, and dressed in imitation of the adult population. Esquimaux dolls are cut out of bones and mammoth teeth and dressed in soft-tanned skins.

As the imagination of a child is stimulated by a doll, so that it comes to speak to it and play with it as if it were in reality a living, breathing human creature, so the women of various North American Indian tribes deal with dolls that have belonged to their dead children as if they were sensitive creatures.

A Brownie.

A Druse Doll.

An Indian mother often substitutes a doll for her lost little one. She fills the empty cradle with feathers, arranged in the form of the child, and carries this about with her wherever she goes, talking to it and caressing it as she would the living child.

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A Doll of Madeira, in National Costume.

In another tribe, the sorrowing mother ties in a tight bundle the toys, clothes, and amulets which belonged to the little one, and fastens this upon the cradle-board which she carries on her back as she had formerly done the child. The Ojibwas call these unlucky dolls, because they represent the dead.

The reason the Indian mother carries her doll is pathetic. She believes the dead child too small to find its way to Paradise, so she carries the substituted doll to help it along until the dead baby has grown large enough to make its way without help.

French Doll, dressed as a Russian Peasant.

The Passamaquoddy doll is a miniature maiden of the tribe, much smaller than the word which means doll, viz.: "Ampskudahekanek." If the little Indian maiden is possessed of more than one doll, she speaks of her Ampskudahekanek, which means figure or picture made of wood. One had almost rather go without make-believe babies than to be obliged to call them by such outlandish names.

The Seminole Indians' doll is a bundle of rags, a stick with a bit of cloth wrapped about, exactly like the Bishereen doll of the Upper Nile.

A Doll from Nice, dressed as a Milkmaid.

In Orange Free State the Fingo doll plays an important *rôle* with the natives. Upon reaching the age of maturity, every Fingo maid receives a doll, which she nurses until she herself becomes a mother. Upon the birth of her first child her mother makes her a present of a new doll; at the birth of each succeeding child she is made the recipient of another doll, all of which are sacred, and which she never parts with as long as she lives.

An Asturian Doll.

In Java the dolls represent historical and mythological personages, and are used for teaching history and morals. The Javanese appreciate the educational value of dolls as much as any nation.

The dolls of Africa, Corea, and many of the North American tribes, are fetishes or idols, some of them no longer worshipped.

In Corea we find two kinds of dolls. One is made by the girls themselves. It seems to be, one writer tells us, the product of their own sentiment and ingenuity. They cut a bamboo pipe-stem about five inches long, put salted grass on the top for hair, whiten the face with powder, and dress it after the fashion of the feminine adult.

A Doll from Nice, dressed as a Shepherd.

A Doll of Madeira in National Costume

Hugo's Cassette, who dressed, hugged and regularly put to sleep a naked sword,

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A Spanish Doll.

must have been animated by the same idea as the small Coreans. The tip-tilted doll which is found in various parts of the world is the favourite in Corea. It has a round base weighted with lead, so that, no matter how it is put down, it always sits upright. It is made and sold every year on the eighth day of the fourth month, which was, before the change in the calendar, the birthday of Buddha.

Swiss Peasant's Doll in National Costume.

This doll, although representing a woman riding on a tiger, is thought to be a degenerate image of Buddha himself, Buddha figures having been from time immemorial used as toys. We find the counterpart of this doll in Europe, where it still bears the name of Buddha. The French know it as "le poussah," the Germans call it "Putzelman." In the United States it is called "Bouncing Billy."

A Florentine Doll.

A Spanish Doll.

This same tilting doll is found in India, where it is called "fosti." It is made of stiff paper or cardboard, painted red to represent an old man holding a fan, and is said to portray one addicted to opium eating.

A Turkish Lady.

The children of the old world were well supplied with dolls, although the plainer mode of dressing at that time furnished the little ladies less occupation than do the dolls of to-day; for no child of the present time is satisfied unless she possesses a wardrobe for her doll that can be put on and taken off as easily as her own clothes.

Dolls are of recent origin in Europe. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the reign of mad Charles VI. of France, an Italian named Pusello came from Padua to France with thirty mules packed with boxes and hung with jingling bells. They contained images of ninety-six empresses and other celebrated women of the old Roman Empire, carved after statues and coins. He showed them for a fee. At last the king sent for him to amuse him. When he came to the explanation of the statuette of Poppea, whom Nero is said to

An Old French Doll.

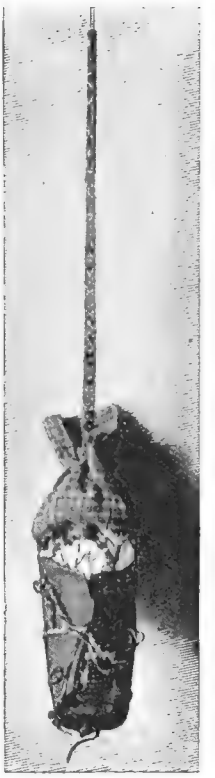
A Florentine Doll.

Swiss Peasant's Doll in National Costume.

Google

have killed with a kick, the king was very much taken with it, and bought it. As the king called his puppet "Poppea," the courtiers did the same, and thus was derived the word "Poupée."

The origin of the name "doll" has baffled some of the wisest and most learned, the majority of whom have at last come to the conclusion that it comes from "dolly," the diminutive of "Dorothy," a favourite name for girls in England two hundred years ago. The word "doll" is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and, as far as one can discover, first appears in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1751, in the following quotation: "Several dolls, with different dresses, made in St. James St., have been sent to the Czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies." Prior to this, the word used to describe the favourite playing of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet" or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.



A Doll and Cradle from Lapland.

The earliest English "babies" were of rags or wood. The latter were stiff, unjointed things, in which the arms were only roughly indicated, and the legs, in most cases, not at all. The way we arrived at the wax, china and more expensive sorts generally is curious. In the middle of the seventeenth century there were no ladies' fashion papers as now. Consequently, in order to show what was being most worn on the Continent, dolls were accurately dressed up and sent round to the various European countries, and from these models orders were taken for costumes by the foreign milliners. The dolls themselves, rather than their dresses, attracted people, so that large numbers of the little figures were imported from abroad, and, the majority and the best of them coming from the Netherlands, were called "Flanders babies." A "Bartholomew baby" was a special kind sold at the old fair of that name, and was celebrated for the quantity of ribbons and mock jewellery with which it was decked out.

Eskimo Dolls.

Among some tribes of the North American Indians, the dolls used by the little copper coloured maidens represent the gods of the tribe, and might be called *doll-idols*. They are roughly made of wood, bone, or feathers, and crudely decorated with elementary colours. In many cases, perhaps in most, they have first been used as symbols in the secret rites of the tribe.

The decorations are all symbolic, and the myth which each one represents, is told the child as our own fairy tales are repeated, and the little one unconsciously imbibes the religious and moral ideas of its people.

The mythical corn maid, mother of Germs, is highly elaborated into dolls, having a characteristic symbol on the cheeks, rain-cloud ornaments on the head, a figure of an ear of corn on the forehead, eyes of different colours, and painted chins.

We read of a little Piute maiden who rejected the rudely carved pieces of wood which represented the sun myths of the tribe, and which were the cherished dolls of her playmates, and who took to her heart a little yellow dog, which she dressed in imitation of her costumes. Having thus provided herself with the nearest approach possible to a "meat baby," she spent her whole time

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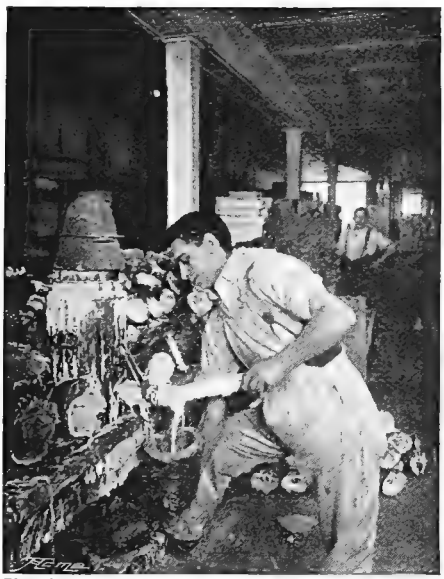

Photo by N. J. World.

The doll maker is here drawing out a quantity of the wax, which he is running into a mould of a doll's head.

making head decorations for it and em broidering mocassins for its tiny feet.

It is said the Dutch gave dolls to Japan. That may be true, but there is not the slightest remnant of its Dutch ancestry left in the characteristic Japanese doll of to-day. It is a thing of beauty, and, in truth and verity, a joy for ever. It is handed down in the family from mother to daughter, and kept with such scrupulous care, that when in possession of the third or fourth generation it is as fresh as if it had but yesterday come from the shop.

Once a year the Japanese maid is given a Doll's Festival, when the accumulated treasures of years are brought out for her delectation. First there is the Mikado, his wife and the whole court, dressed even to the last fold of crepe, exactly as the rulers of Japan were dressed a century ago.

The daimio and samuri class are represented with their swords, curious costume, and karuma runners, every minutiæ in perfect keeping.

For this one day the dainty child may handle and play with her numerous doll family to her heart's content. She may dine them and wine them, have fêtes and festivals for their benefit; praise them and scold them, for even the best of dolls occasionally needs to be reprimanded, and do what she will with them during the long summer day.

At the end of the day the dolls are carefully wrapped in their soft papers and put away in the go-down, each in a box especially made for it. Unless there be some particular reason for it, the dolls do not see the light of day until another twelve months rolls round. How long, think you, American or English children would stand such treatment?

The Italians have what they call an angel doll, swathed like their own bambinos. Another sort is only four inches tall, with painted face and hair. When its arms are extended it is as wide as it is tall.

Children in Amoy play with solid puppets made of baked clay.

Queen Victoria had 132 dolls, all of which have been preserved and photographed many times. Some children make god-dolls, and then whip them for their supposed powers of omnipresence.

A little English girl would have nothing but a "monkey doll." She had a large family of sizes and ages. Children with many dolls have one for Sunday, or one is queen, mother, or teacher. The little old rag-doll, battered and bruised, almost beyond the semblance of a doll, is often prime favourite with its owner.

The darkey dolls of the Southern States are typical of that part of America. The old black "mammy" "toting" a white child or her own picaniny, or a bundle of firewood is oftenest seen.

Of late years the "brownies" of Palmer

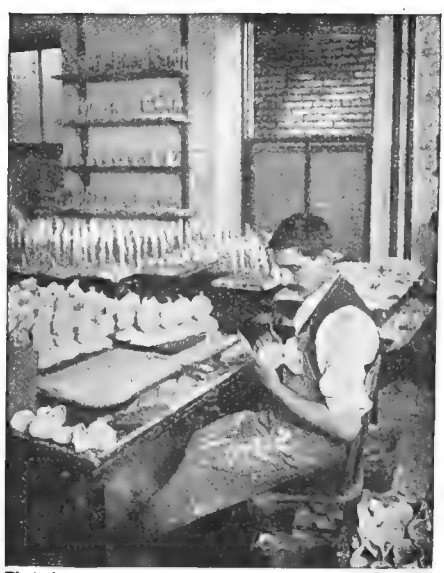

Photo by N. J. World.

The workman here is chipping off the rough projections left from the mould, and sandpapering a smooth surface to the heads.

Google

Cox have driven other dolls almost out of the running! Their grotesqueness is so amusing that all children take kindly to one variety or another of them.

The Chinese doll, as we know it, with its queue and slanting eyes, is the delight of the little Celestial. It is dressed like its owner and is its constant companion.

The doll-loving child of Holland nurses a counterpart of the quaint people. The miniature maiden rejoices in the multitudinous petticoats of the fisher folk, surmounted by a cap of various shapes, according to the locality.

The doll of the peasant child in Madeira is a bundle of rags without much ornamentation. The dolls sold to tourists are dressed in the national costume, which consists of a short dress for the women and full white trowsers for the men, with the same inverted-funnel of a cap, and soft Suede boots for both.

The Druse doll, curiously enough, has several strands of beads or pearls hanging over her face instead of the ordinary white veil which usually shields the feminine Druse.

The Peruvian doll was exhumed from out of a grave, where, uncounted centuries ago, baby hands were folded to rest and laid away with its terra-cotta toys by its side. It is a grotesque thing, but is useful in showing us how Peruvian mothers carried their little ones about.

The doll of the little Lap maiden is dressed in furs and warm garments, like "its elders and betters," and when it takes its rest, it is snugly tucked into a wooden cradle and suspended from a sapling or convenient hook inside the hut, as the children are.

Wax dolls have undoubtedly become the favourites of our little English maidens. They have the disadvantage of being perishable, but that is a mere detail in these days of cheap toys. No doll made of other material can be given such a natural expression or such a rich peach-like complexion as the wax doll which is made by the hundred and thousand in German factories. For, alas! although 125 years ago this business was in the hands of Englishmen, it has long since passed over to foreigners.

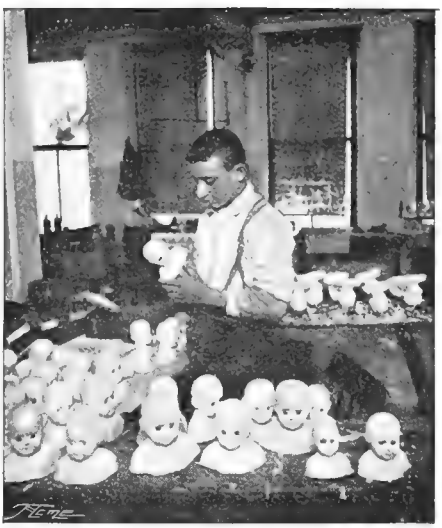

Photo by N. J. World.

In this department the openings are cut for the eyes before being passed on for further stages in the course of completion.

Our photographs of doll-making were taken in one of the half-dozen surviving manufactories in London, and the various operations portrayed will be manifest to the reader. The most tedious work in the perfecting of a wax doll is the insertion of the eyelashes and eyebrows, and consequently these details are omitted in all but the most expensive varieties.

There is a wonderful similarity in the features of wax dolls of one make, which is accounted for by the fact that their faces are cast in a uniform mould. When, however, a doll is to be made for Royalty, a far more elaborate task falls to the duty of the workman. As a rule, Royal dolls' faces have to be made according to certain photographs sent with the orders. This year it is said that most of the dolls made for the use of our little Princes and Princesses bear a wonderful resemblance to Queen Wilhelmina, although whether her youthful Majesty feels flattered by the multiplicity of her effigies is a question open to doubt.

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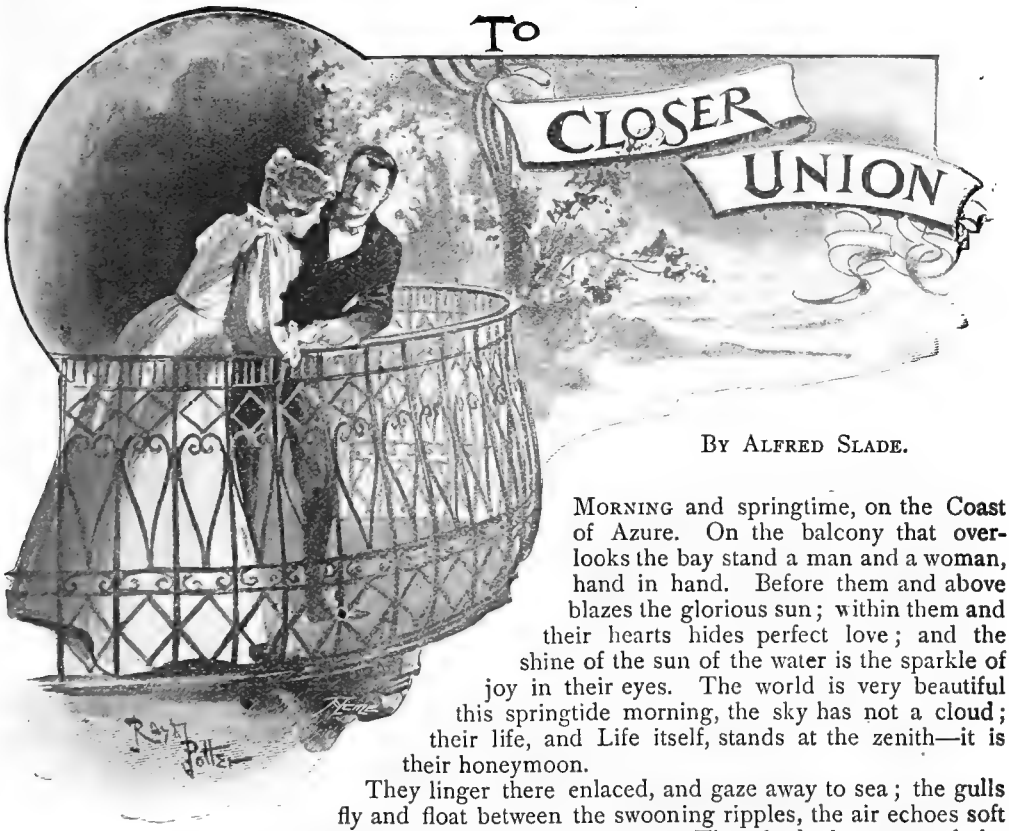

By Alfred Slade.

Morning and springtime, on the Coast of Azure. On the balcony that overlooks the bay stand a man and a woman, hand in hand. Before them and above blazes the glorious sun; within them and their hearts hides perfect love; and the shine of the sun of the water is the sparkle of joy in their eyes. The world is very beautiful this springtide morning, the sky has not a cloud; their life, and Life itself, stands at the zenith—it is their honeymoon.

They linger there enlaced, and gaze away to sea; the gulls fly and float between the swooning ripples, the air echoes soft with the heart-beat of the ocean. They look down toward the garden that is the land; the orange groves are in fragrant bloom, the violets hide, but cannot hide their sweetness. Then they turn again and face the North; where England lies and home, and the Destiny that is past and still to come.

And they search into each other's eyes, and bend close and kiss, and rest thus silent while their hearts beat fast together. Until with an effort they draw asunder; and with one accord push open the window behind them and pass into the room. The woman sits down at the table, draws paper and pen towards her, and writes:—

I scarcely remember, and I care little to try and recollect, the time when I did not love Arthur. Yet I was eighteen years old before I even met him; eighteen years of an existence commonplace and monotonous, and, viewed in the light of the after-life he gave me, with no souvenir, apart from my mother, that I think worthy of guarding. Eighteen years wasted! If only I could have known and loved him all that while!

I never knew my father; he died while I was still in my cradle, and we were left alone together, mother and I. How she idolised and spoilt me, dear mother! She had no other thought but for me; she lavished on me all her great care and devotion. And I, it is true, had no thought save for her; for her were all my gratitude and love. But soon—poor mother!—she came but second; for Arthur was my betrothed.

I was a great trouble to her, I know; a weak, sickly little mite from my birth, still weak and sickly as I grew up. But mother took too much care of me to let me die, and so I struggled on, tenderly nurtured, completely idolised, altogether spoilt.

I remember nothing much more than that, until the day I left school. It was a noteworthy epoch. I was allowed to do my hair up and lengthen my skirts to my heels; and for a week I treated mother as if she were my elder, but not much elder, sister.

That winter I went to my first dance; and Arthur was there, and was once my partner. The next week I went to my second; and Arthur was my partner again, and this time

Google

Arthur was my partner again.

more than once, or even twice. And he walked home with me, not too quickly; and he called on mother next day—and that was but the commencement of his visits.

At last the inevitable happened; and I was sobbing at mother's knee and she was stroking my hair—and Arthur was looking in all the shop-windows, choosing an engagement ring. It was a curious choice he made; a serpent of gold, holding in its open mouth a sparkling blood-red ruby. He said it boded luck—it has brought it; yet we did not know that it was a symbol too. And he drew my hand towards him and put it on, and my whole being thrilled with the ecstasy of betrothal.

But mother disappointed me so much then. She was very grave and solemn; tenderly but firmly she insisted that the engagement was not by any means to be considered fixed. If it were entered upon, it was to be quite indefinitely; and we must wait, perhaps a long, long while, until I grew quite strong and rosy-cheeked.

I had never thought much of my health till then. I felt, of course, that I was delicate, but I always put it down to the fact that I was "growing;" and I remembered I had even felt glad I was pale-faced and *petite*, ever since an evening when Arthur declared he could not abide those great big, masculine "farmer" girls that some men raved about.

But now that our marriage depended upon it, I was seriously concerned. I did everything I could think of to gain strength. I swallowed gallons of nauseous cod liver oil; I drank quinine and iron until I loathed the very labels on the bottles. But still I did not get better, and poor mother, I could see, though she did her best to hide it, mother was fretting her heart out.

One day, after a sleepless night, that she had spent tossing to and fro, she wrote a long, long letter; the same evening, a gentleman called. An elderly gentleman, with hair quite white and eyes strangely sad and gentle; and a chin showing firm beneath his beard, and lips set close together.

He came in, and, as I rose, embraced me; then held me at arm's length and stared at me so fixedly that I had to turn my head in confusion. At that he seemed to recover himself; he asked me a few ordinary questions about my appetite, he laid his ear to my chest, and listened there. Then he sent me away, and began to talk to mother; and I—I was listening at the key-hole.

"Thank you for writing," he was saying. "It shows you trust me. I have been expecting your letter for a long while; but I could not come till you had sent it."

"I am grateful you have come," answered my mother, giving him her hand. "I knew you would, for you were always our best friend."

She seemed to lay a strange emphasis on the word friend; and at that the other almost winced.

"You will save her life, won't you, James," went on my mother. "You have come to save it, have you not?"

She had laid her hand on his shoulder, as if in entreaty; gently he took it off, and in doing so, pressed it tenderly.

"If it is possible, I *will*," he said. "I will try—and I think I shall succeed."

"God bless you, James! You will, I know you will. For I trust you, you see!"

I had to go away to my own room—I was weeping too bitterly to remain; when at length I felt sufficiently composed to come down again, he was on the point of leaving.

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My mother called me to her. "Come," she said, "and thank——"

"The Doctor," interrupted the old gentleman; "the doctor who is going to make you quite strong and well again."

"Thank you, Doctor," I said, almost in tears.

"Thank you, friend," cried mother: "*our* friend and hers."

Under his beard his chin twitched again; and so he went slowly out.

* * * * *

From the woods that lay beyond the inland hills there came a throstle's song; and even the sunlit waves seemed to hush and be glad in hearing; and when the melody ceased, the air had caught something of its music, and still echoed in notes half-whispered and half crooned.

The woman, who was writing, let fall her pen and listened; and the man, who was reading, raised her to his breast in sympathy. And the echoes grew faint and faint and died away; and there was nothing left but sweet remembrance.

So they stood asunder; and the woman beckoned the man to the empty chair: and he sat and in his turn wrote this:—

All of us at the boarding-house liked the dear old Doctor, although I do not think anyone could quite say why. He certainly did not invite friendship or even acquaintance; on the contrary, he always struck us as being shy, reserved, almost haughty; yet we somehow knew, perhaps by instinct, that he was a good man, a man of an honest heart, a man to be respected and admired.

We did not know if he really was a doctor; but in table conversation, on those rare occasions when he chose to join in, he displayed such a profound conversance of medical matters that the nickname rose spontaneously and stuck to him ever afterwards. And it stuck all the more tenaciously in that we did not know any other name by which to call him.

For myself, I thought him a man who had suffered some terrible disillusionment, a something in his past life that had saddened him bitterly, but yet had failed to make him desperate. He still remained what I judged him to have always been — amiable, sympathetic, though never gay; he was a disappointed man who had not turned sour.

I never had much intercourse with him personally, for, truth to confess, I am afraid he found me rather stupid. And in that he found a fact—I am not brilliant; only sufficiently brilliant to be aware that I am not. All my aunts had long told me I should never be a credit to the family—my intellect, if I ever had any, had long since run to muscle. They admitted, did my aunts, that muscle was a splendid thing in conjunction, say, with genius; but as a solitary virtue, without anything else to back it up, they saw nothing whatever to be proud of in being six feet high, fourteen stone heavy, with not an ounce of fat about me. Hercules was out of date, declared Laetitia, the youngest and most sentimental; what she was looking for was Apollo, eternal and divine. She meant that to be crushing; but, as I said before, I was too thick skinned to be able to appreciate it.

Still, the fact remained that I was stupid;

I was sobbing at mother's knee.

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and that was the reason, I am sure, that I never got on much with the Doctor. I was all the more surprised, then, one evening, to find him on the doorstep as I was coming home, and, as I suspected, and as the sequel proved true, waiting for me. Still more surprised when he came down to meet me, took me by the arm, and had somehow drawn me to walk with him round the Square.

"How I envy you," he said in abrupt commencement. "Your health, your robustness, your full-blooded body. If only I were as strong!"

I found nothing to reply to this, and we walked on for a few paces in silence.

"Never had a day's illness, I venture to assert," he said, again, "and never felt a pain?"

It was true; but I thought his remarks rather personal, and did not answer; and once more we kept silence for a few paces.

Presently he seemed to make a great effort, and, awkwardly, but without irritation, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Lewis, I want to ask you your advice."

"Don't, please," I protested; "for it isn't worth a brass farthing on any subject under the sun."

"Supposing," he went on, taking no notice at all of my interruption, "supposing you were acquainted with a person—a young lady—in fear, not imminent, but nevertheless sure, of death by decline, engendered by hereditary disposition. Now, there is one remedy, and one remedy only, as you believe, for this danger; and if this remedy be not applied, and without delay, this inherited weakness must prove fatal. You agree with me that it would be your place to cause this remedy to be administered?"

"Of course," I replied, wondering why he asked me so simple a question, where the answer was obvious and foregone.

"But," pursued the Doctor, "suppose, again, that this remedy were not in your own hands, but depended on the consent and co-operation of a third person who would have no interest in the case, save the interest of a common humanity, and would have to undergo a certain amount of discomfort and derangement, though not danger, mind you, not an atom of danger, in order to be of any service. Do you think this person would volunteer?"

And I—I was listening at the key-hole.

"I think that he ought," I answered warmly; "nay, of that I am sure."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis," he said, just as warmly. "You give me courage to proceed. Listen! I will tell you a story. There were once two men and a woman, and of course, as of necessity happens, to make sport for Destiny, the two men both loved her. She chose, or did not choose, between them, and made one of them her husband; and the other went away, and forgot, as best he could; and that is, forgot nothing.

"And, forgetting nothing, he had to come back again, although in secret; and living near them, all unknown, he saw their lives, and saw that they were happy. And he—he said that in that he was happy too."

The Doctor paused with a sigh; perhaps to take breath, more likely in heart-regret. Then, grasping my arm still more tightly, he continued:

"So happy, indeed, that Destiny no longer made sport; so Destiny caused the husband to fall sick. It was the malady I spoke of a few minutes ago; and, remember, sus-

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ceptible to the same cure. The other man could have saved his life then, unaided and alone. He did not. And the husband died, and the wife, for love of him, would have died too. But a baby came, and for love of her, the mother lived on.

"Then the other man did a vile and selfish thing: he came from his hiding-place and went to the widowed wife. He urged her to marry him, as if for the little one's sake, and she, for the little one's sake, listened and consented; yet for a moment the man, blind egotistical fool as he was, tried to persuade himself it was for love of him.

"And at last they were married; but even at the altar steps the pitiless light came to the man's dull brain—he saw the depths of his delusion that was worse than folly.

"Then in himself the fight commenced; tears succeeded execration, guidance came after despair; and he took her, who was now his wife, by the hand, and bared his own soul and hers. It was dark and all the world was sleeping; and standing over the cradle of the little child, they faced the cruel truth.

"He left her there; with sufficient provision for the future, his affairs in perfect order. He had no right to intrude between her and her love, dead, yet ever living, the love that still united them in the little one from heaven.

"And again he went away, and secretly hid himself; loving her all the while through his lonely life, coming at last to love also her little girl, her's and the other man's."

"Is that all?" I asked, impatient to go in.

"Not quite," he said, still holding my arm. "The little girl has grown up in the likeness of her father; has grown up, too, to her father's fate. She has always been delicate; now, on the verge of womanhood, her balance trembles; but the tongue bears down to the side that is not in this world.

"She is not dying, indeed, but on the way to death; and her mother, who has watched in tear-stained vigil at her father's bed, sees him in her, and his destiny. And, fulfilling a promise given in the long ago, she has written to the man, who is, yet never was, her husband; she has called on him to help her—and he will."

"He does well," I could not but comment.

"When he could, and did not, save the life of the man he hated, whom he still hates now, he could have done this of his own power, unaided; now, when in more than reparation he seeks to save the daughter, he finds himself powerless—powerless without help."

"He should ask for that help," I cried. "He should obtain it by any means possible."

"He will," said the doctor firmly, almost fiercely. "He has miserably failed in his duty once, he shall not fail again. The illness is anæmia, want of blood that means want of strength, that will mean impotence to exist. The one remedy he knows of, the only one, consists in transfusion of blood—an operation by which the blood of a person, young, robust, and healthy, can be injected into the impoverished veins of the poor sick girl."

The Doctor paused. Then, grasping my arm still more tightly, he continued.

"Formerly he could have utilised his own body for such a purpose; but now, when he would, he is too old and feeble, and the poor girl would gain no benefit. To do his work he must obtain a substitute—to a substitute of proper calibre there would be, remember, no danger whatever; he would suffer a temporary fatigue, a listlessness for a time, but he would soon recuperate his given strength, and would feel not the slightest effect hereafter. He would be well paid: he would be doing a noble action: will you be this man?"

As I have explained before, I am afraid my wits are too turgid to ever allow me to show much surprise: his long prelude, moreover, had somewhat prepared me for the request, and so I answered quietly:

"I would, doctor, willingly, and without

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any inducement of pecuniary reward—three weeks ago. But now I cannot; I do not belong to myself; I am engaged to be married."

Blind idiot that I was!

The doctor was visibly cast down; his step grew tremulous as we walked round the square; his lips were twitching and his brow was frowned.

"Yet you said," he muttered, "that I ought to use any means within my power."

I did not know what to answer, and so answered nothing; and we continued walking round the square until he walked more firmly, and his heels rang sharply into the pavement. He had, I judged, found a solution. And being by now come in front of our own doorstep, he stopped and shook hands with me; then, muttering "any means in my power," turned sharply round and walked rapidly away down the street.

And I went in; to sleep and to dream of the lady I loved, the lady who loved me. The world of my dreamland was very beautiful; it lay all gold and smiling in the golden circlet of a tiny ring. But the gold began with a ruby—and it was crimson blood that linked our happiness.

The Doctor was already at the breakfast table when I came down the next morning. He stood up to shake hands with me, and seemed in excellent spirits, quite recovered from his vexation of the night before. He gossiped to me all the time on subjects trivial and of everyday talk, but the conversation never flagged, for he did it all himself.

As I was going out I met him again, as if accidentally, in the hall; he took my arm in his, and we descended to the street together.

"I am going your way," he said. "Shall we take a hansom?"

He did not wait for an answer; he beckoned to a cabman loitering near the kerb, and by an almost imperceptible push had persuaded me to step inside.

I had not noticed it was raining; yet, no sooner were we seated than the cabman let down the window shutters. I had not heard the Doctor give any directions; yet the cabman drove rapidly off, as if he knew exactly where to go.

The Doctor still held my arm, and his right hand was resting on my elbow. In it he was holding a handkerchief, in momentary absence of mind I thought. There was a strange and drowsy odour in the air; I began to feel heavy and unstrung, langorous and listless.

My eyes half closed and my sight blurred; I scarcely took notice that the Doctor was now holding the handkerchief right close to my nostrils. In his other hand was another handkerchief which he was pressing to his own nose; and the two white spots stood out distinctly from the darkness that was closing round me. I felt half-choked—I could not breathe. I drew in a great gasp of air and then fell back insensible.

Suddenly I felt a blow of fresh air on my forehead, and I was roused to half consciousness by an abrupt jerk. The hum of the wheels ceased to buzz in my senses and I knew that the cab had stopped. I was helped out unresistingly, my will quite gone, my energy fettered. We went up some stone steps and down some wooden stairs, through a door that quickly closed and into a darkened room.

The Doctor was supporting me all the while; now he let me fall into a chair, and I seemed to sleep again. But presently I felt a sensation like pins and needles all over my body; I tried to spring from my seat, but could not—I tried to cry out, but could utter no sound.

I was bound to the chair, my hands manacled and my mouth gagged; and the Doctor was standing at my side applying an electric battery to my forehead and the nape of my neck.

"You cannot move or speak," he said, "so do not struggle or attempt to resist."

A tug at my bonds had already convinced me that I was powerless; I felt, moreover, strangely fatigued, and had no desire left in me for further effort; I sank back again and sat listlessly in my chair.

The Doctor threw open a window somewhere and sent a current of fresh air across my face, then seeing me more subdued, he spoke again:—

"Besides," he said, soothingly, "you have no cause at all to feel alarm. I pledge you my word that you will receive no hurt. And to relieve you even from a slight discomfort, I will ungag your mouth, provided, of course, that you promise not to utter a sound."

Nodding as well as I could, I consented, and he had relieved me of the horrible torture and I could breathe freely. I looked around and found myself in a sort of box partition, evidently but recently erected, for the wood walls were still clean, though unpainted, and smelt of freshly carpentered pine. I had remembered I had descended some stairs on entering the house; I judged I was in a cellar; for the noise of the traffic in the streets came from above me, the softened

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light came from the ground-level over my head.

In front of me was a small table, containing, beside the electric battery I have already mentioned, a case of surgical instruments, a small heap of towels, a hand-basin, a sponge, and lastly a sort of complicated silver tube, something between a syphon and a pump, with the two ends tapering off to needle points.

For a moment, I must confess it, I shuddered and recoiled; but just then a panel close to my right, slid open and diverted my attention. The frame was curtained by towels; but the middle was uncovered and disclosed a thin white arm.

The doctor was now holding the handkerchief close to my nostrils.

I had promised to keep silence; I had not promised not to attempt to break loose. I recoiled for a moment in preparation of a tremendous leap to burst my bonds, when the Doctor who was bending into the panel to arrange the towels, suddenly let one of them fall. And there on the ledge was leaning a tiny hand, and on the third finger shone a ring of crimson and gold. It was the serpent biting the ruby; and to my stupid brain came comprehension. I knew that on the other side of the panel there sat my sweetheart Mabel.

I sank back into my chair with relief that was more than contentment; I could only marvel how wonderfully it all chanced to fall out. Here was I to save my darling's life. Surely it was Providence had sent me!

She, my little girl, had given me love, and made life Paradise; I had given her love and could now give her life too; and I should be her husband, and we should be, as says the Book, of one blood and one flesh.

I scarcely felt the needle prick my skin; the syphon sucked my veins, as a baby its mother's breast; the blood went from me, but it was for her.

A few more throbs and it was finished: and the doctor left me for a moment to attend to his patient on the other side of the partition. I heard footsteps mount and pass away; and then the doctor came back.

He tenderly bathed and bandaged my arm; he felt my pulse and gave me a restorative to drink, and assured of my satisfactory condition he at length addressed me.

"Before I let you go," he said, "I want you to promise to come back here twice more. Only twice," he pleaded; "twice more will be enough, and you will have saved a dear young life.

"For the rest," he went on, "you *must* concede, willingly or not. It is indispensable what I demand; and if you do not promise you will only force me to entrap you again, as I have done already. In return, I will promise you that when these necessary operations are concluded, I will deliver myself into your hands to suffer whatever personal vengeance you think fit to wreak upon me; and in my will I have already inserted a codicil by which you profit to the extent of a thousand pounds."

I could not let the good Doctor go on. I should not let him have proceeded thus far,

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but his face was flushed and his eyes were noble, and it was good to look on him thus. I held out my hand as far as my bonds would permit me and had seized his in my grasp. Then I shook it heartily, and seeing him so astonished, burst out laughing heartily.

"See," I said, "you have nothing to fear. Let me loose."

The sincerity of my tone evidently impressed him; he untied my cords and I stood upright.

"I will come to you," I declared, "when you like and as often as you like, but for the benefit of this one person only. The only thing I ask of you is that you keep my name secret from her; and I, on my part, will say nothing about the matter to anyone. Is it a bargain?"

"And the thousand pounds?"

"I shall not touch under any consideration."

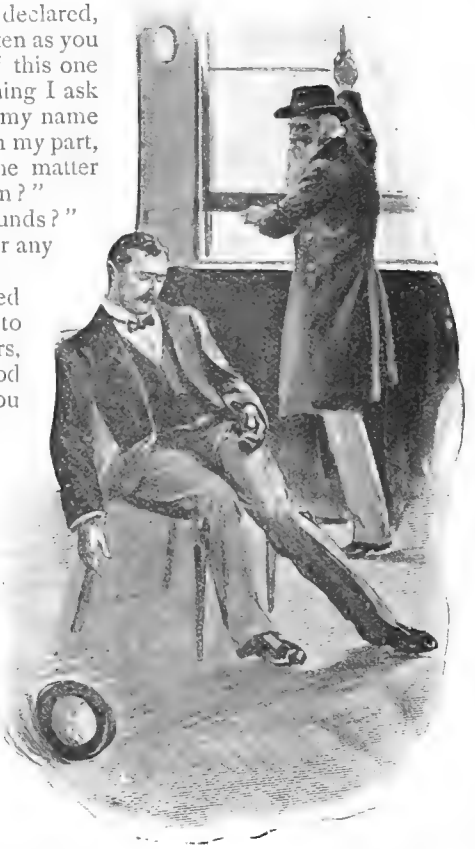
"Mr. Lewis," answered the Doctor, reaching up to take me by the shoulders, "you are doing a good action — rest assured you will not regret it."

"I shall not," I answered cheeringly, "nor you either, dear Doctor."

"Thank you," he said.

"On the contrary," I protested, "it is *I* who thank *you*."

He took refuge from his obvious gratitude in feeling my pulse again; he gave me a lot of instructions as to my diet; he wrote out a prescription for a fortifiant; and at last he took my arm and we walked out together.



He let me fall into a chair and I seemed to sleep again.

Henceforward there was a bond of sympathy between us; it was continued by the solicitude with which he looked after my bodily welfare in the boarding-house; it was strengthened by the long conversations he had with me.

The operation was repeated in a week, and again in another week; and I found Mabel growing stronger, ruddy-cheeked and red-lipped. I was over-joyed; I pretended to be duly astonished; we were all in splendid spirits.

Some time after the last operation the doctor said to me, in the course of our usual conversation round the square:

"The little girl is cured," he cried, "quite cured, and well on the road to strength and a long life of happiness."

"Happiness?" I queried, in well-assumed ignorance.

"Yes," he answered, "she has just told me, the sly young rogue, that she is engaged to be married. I am to meet the young man to-morrow."

"Indeed!"

"And I should like to present you," he went on. "It is you he has to thank for his marriage. Can you not dispense with your stipulation of secrecy and come with me to-morrow?"

"No," I exclaimed, "I will not come with you: yet, perhaps, I may see you there."

And with these enigmatical remarks, I said good evening, and made my escape.

The next day, when I went to call on Mabel, it was her mother who opened the door.

"You are just in time," she said, "for I want to introduce you to a dear old family friend, all the more dear as we feel that we owe him Mabel's life."

She took me into the drawing-room and presented me. It was the Doctor, of course; and I bowed as in duty bound.

"Delighted," I said, "to have the honour to make your acquaintance."

The Doctor gave me his hand. "Yes," he stammered, a prey to uncontrollable confusion. "Certainly, precisely, of course."

I tried to help him all I could. "A very pleasant day we have had to-day, don't you think?"

It was as much as he could do to gasp assent; and apparently, for no other reason than the enjoyable weather, he shook hands

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again with me with a hearty grip that I enjoyed.

Then Mabel came in; and her mother, in ever kindly consideration, left us alone together.

* * * * *

The bride was leaning over the bridegroom's shoulder, watching him write. Now she drew her hands over his eyes and had blinded him, so that he was forced to stop. "For," said she, "you are coming to the end. It is always the lady's privilege to have the last word, you know And I mean to see that I get it," she concluded, as defiantly as any lion alive.

He laughed, and got up from his chair. He drew her to his breast, and they stood in embrace, looking out the open window. The sun was still shining, in glory undiminished; the birds still sang, and the flowers smelt sweetly; and the great heart of the ocean was pulsing in joy and thanksgiving.

She sat in the seat he had ceded; and wrote on thus:—

It was a terribly anxious time for me, all this; but the pain of the operations was nothing to the uncertitude that came between. And even when all doubt was past and my recovery was finally assured, there came another trouble to oppress me—was I justified in taking such means to health?

During the time I was hoping for recovery I had thought every remedy permissible that would unite me to my Arthur. Once strong, I knew I could make his life happy, and told myself then that it was all for his sake. And now it was just his attachment that made my action abominable in my own eyes. Think! To have in my veins the blood of a stranger! To offer to him a body polluted thus!

It seemed horrible—I could have screamed when I thought of it! And willingly would I have undone the past, to have been ill again, and, as I thought, immaculate.

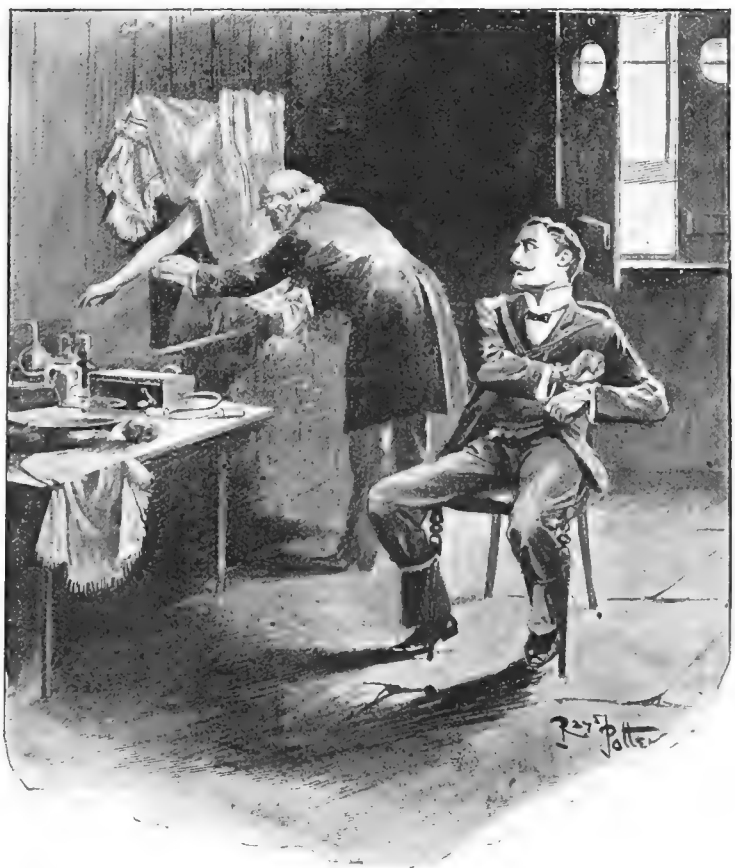
I should have at least have asked Arthur's permission beforehand: I must at any rate tell him everything now. And then—if he despised me and cast me off—how could I ever bear it?

At last came a memorable evening. Arthur was to ask me something, and I was to tell him all. How did I know? Surely by instinct, that higher Reason that women who love possess.

He came, and the Doctor and mother left us alone together. He seemed so happy that for a moment I forgot my fears. Besides—I was on his knee.

"You are well," he asked, "quite well now, darling, are you not?"

"Yes," I whispered, as loudly as I could.



The panel was curtained by towels, but the middle was uncovered and disclosed a thin white arm.

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"And there is nothing more at all to wait for?" he went on.

Of course I pretended not to understand.

"And so," he said more gravely, "I thought one day next week——"

"Oh, Arthur!" I had to cry. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Only our marriage, little one," he said caressingly, "and the day you will be ready. But make it as soon as possible, for we have already waited a long, long while."

I fell to trembling: but summoning all my courage I began:

"Before we talk of that, Arthur, I have something to tell you, something dreadful to confess."

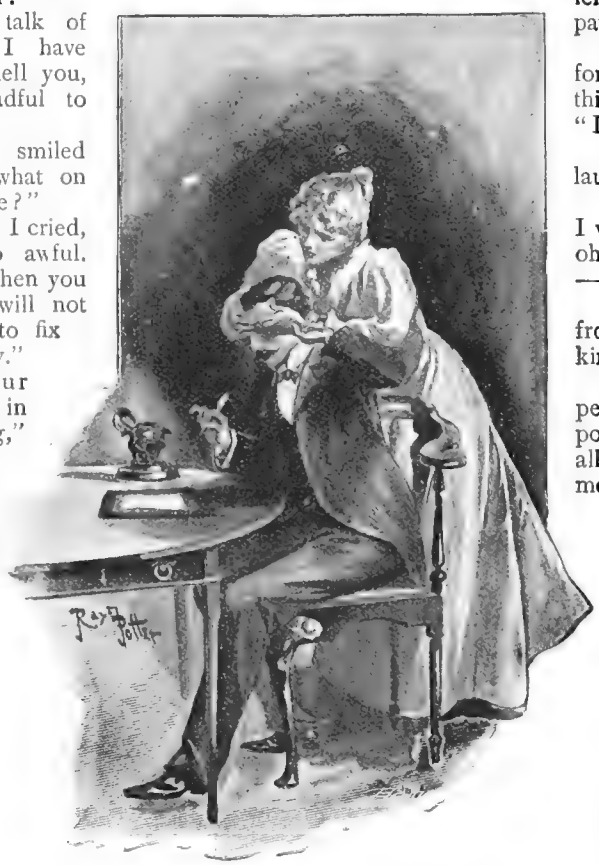
"Why," he smiled whimsically, "what on earth can that be?"

"Don't jest," I cried, "it is all too awful. And perhaps when you know it, you will not ask me again to fix the wedding-day."

Dear Arthur smothered me in kisses. "Darling," he said, "you must not talk like that. Nothing can happen to separate us now."

I burst into tears, like the silly little woman I was.

"I dare not tell you, I dare not tell you," I kept on repeating, getting nearer and nearer the verge of hysterics.



The bride drew her hands over his eyes.

"Then do not try," said Arthur. "I do not want to know."

For a moment I hesitated. I dare not tell—yet I must not conceal. I saw a way out, and I made a desperate plunge for it.

Springing to my feet, I unbuttoned my left sleeve (it was in the time of the baggy bishops' sleeves), and hastily rolled it up. Disclosing my arm, I pointed to the tiny little cicatrice the operation had left there.

"You see that?" I cried.

"Yes," answered Arthur, quite calmly.

For a moment or two I was silent. Would he never help me in my dilemma? Would he ask me nothing? Had I to make my confession unaided?

Of course I know now, the dear old boy, that he was teasing me, though it *was* a little cruel. I've made him admit that since. He simply remained silent, looking from my bared arm to my face and back to my arm again.

"Yes, it's a pretty little arm," he said at length, and he gently patted it.

"No, no, no; it's not for you to say such things," I exclaimed. "It's—it's a tragedy."

He laughed—actually laughed.

"You mustn't laugh," I whispered. "I—I—oh, it's hard to tell, but ——" I broke down.

I saw the smile fade from his lips and the kind face was serious.

"Sh—sh," he whispered very softly, "suppose, little one, I know all about it; and—and more than you?"

"But—" I murmured.

"See," he continued, rolling up his sleeve. "I have just such a mark as you have. Look."

And on his arm, but his right, he showed it me.

The two scars were precisely similar. I sat there stupefied.

"What does it mean?" I managed at last to utter.

"Do you not see?" said Arthur, soothingly. "Do you not understand?"

I could only shake my head, in aching perplexity.

"It was I," he whispered.

"You!" And I saw, and understood. "It was you! Oh, how I love you; how I love you."

And I sank to his dear heart, and lay there sobbing, quite happy, at last.

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An attitude scarcely as simple as it seems.

A QUEEN OF CONTORTIONISTS.

By H. J. Holmes.

Most people have formed the idea that the only convenient way of getting about is through the due use of their nether limbs. Why? Simply because they don't know any better.

It may have been owing to the merest accident that the human race originally began its toddles through this vale of tears upon its feet, and so set the fashion to all comers. The present inhabitants of London might otherwise indulge in their business peregrinations or afternoon constitutionals upon their hands. The sight of thousands of respectably attired persons of both sexes progressing along the Strand or Piccadilly heads downwards and with legs moving rhythmically in the air may have only been prevented by some abstruse physical fluke. Who knows?

Thus am I induced to write after beholding the performance of that clever young lady, Mdlle. Bertoldi, and conversing with her as to the remarkable facility she enjoys of seeing the world upside down.

For several years after birth mademoiselle was perfectly content to imitate the ordinary mode of progression. True, on one or two special occasions she exhibited a strong tendency to inverted positions. Once, when she fell out of her cot (at the early age of three), she landed on the floor upon her head. Again, when her nurse let her fall out of her arms (as nurses do), the poor baby was hardly ever known to land upon her wee feet.

Mademoiselle had scarcely got through her eighth year when a violent emulation of a lissome sister—who was a successful trapezist—developed into an intense desire to reverse the orthodox style of walking. She practised for a little time in private, and one fine morning she absolutely paralyzed her father and mother and the other members of her family by calmly walking upon her hands downstairs and into the breakfast room!

With her toes tucked under her arms Mdlle. Bertoldi runs up and down stairs on her hands.

Mademoiselle's father, who was in the profession, was not slow to grasp the situation. Such enthusiasm at such an age meant nothing but success. An able gymnast, he proved an excellent tutor and Mdlle. Bertoldi presently made her first appearance. Engagement followed engagement, increasing in importance with the

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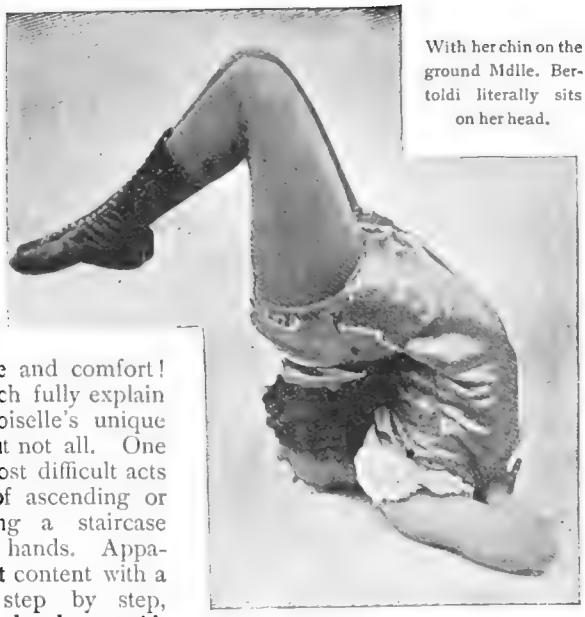
young artiste's years, and her present finished performance has been given in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and throughout America.

In form petite, she is a marvellous example of muscular development; in fact, she could not give her remarkable performance were it otherwise. Yet the flexibility of her body is wonderful, and her movements are correctly described as the poetry of motion—and this while resting upon her hands. As an enthusiastic scribe once wrote, she can sit on her head with every appearance of ease and comfort!



With her chin on the ground Mdlle. Bertoldi literally sits on her head.

The accompanying illustrations, which fully explain themselves, show several of Mademoiselle's unique feats—but not all. One of the most difficult acts is that of ascending or descending a staircase upon her hands. Apparently not content with a descent step by step, she bounds down with two or three graceful movements, alighting, of course, each time on the palms of her hands.

It requires some little practice to gaze at one's heels in this manner.

Another striking act is the ascent of a kind of a double tower on the summit of which she performs several astonishing balancing feats. Standing on a pair of pyramidical erections, she bends backwards until her head is quite below the level of her feet, giving one the impression that her body is boneless; with a graceful swing upwards she regains her former posture, afterwards descending the steep sides of the tower head downwards.

Bertoldi's best act is unquestionably that in which she, at the top of the lofty tower previously mentioned, assumes her wonted posture, *i.e.* head downwards. She allows her nether limbs to descend until her feet rest upon the back of her head. A thin silver rod, with a small cross piece, is fixed upright in the top of the tower. After some very graceful evolutions, Bertoldi grips the cross-piece with her teeth, and without any further support whatever, she balances herself upon the top of the rod, and rotates at great speed round this centre, her feet continuing to rest upon the back of her head. This is a feat never attempted by any other gymnast. Bertoldi places every reliance upon the strength of a magnificently perfect set of teeth and, of course, her powers of equipoise.

Mdlle. Bertoldi will jump on her hands off a table, or down a flight of stairs in a few bounds.

In an experience of some twelve years of active

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Another, and even more complicated, method of examining the heels of your boots.

professional life —Mdlle. Bertoldi is but out of her teens — she has never had an accident—dangerous and risky as her acts undoubtedly are — save once, when in an inverted posture, she dropped off a platform about 4ft. high. She was not long out of harness through this, however.

Turn this upside down and you will realise the uniqueness of the attitude.

Bertoldi has not been spared from the queries of the curious. The witnessing of her performance has puzzled hundreds. After her first appearance in Vienna, she received a letter in which the writer wished to know the secret of her lissomness. "Do you sleep between sheets packed with hot salt?" asked her correspondent with all seriousness. In Paris, an interested spectator wrote to ask "if she bathed every morning in oils!"

In Washington a deputation, consisting of some of the best medical and surgical practitioners, waited upon her to examine her closely enough to discover if her bones were not of a different material to that used in the construction of ordinary mortals. But after an hour's inspection they were satisfied to express an opinion that Bertoldi had simply improved on nature by constant and careful training.

Bertoldi has not been in the profession all her lifetime without meeting with sundry adventures and episodes of an interesting and amusing character.

An American manager of an enterprising turn of mind wished to produce a big novelty in the shape of a drama, interspersed with variety turns, to the patrons of a theatre of which he had just obtained a short lease. He called in a local author and announced that he wanted a play of the character indicated.

A murder had just been committed in the town, and it was around this tragic incident that he wished the play woven.

"But I don't know much about the murder," said the poor author, "I don't take any interest in acts of violence!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the manager. "Look up a few newspapers and you will find enough details to fill four acts."

The author still murmured.

"Look here, Mr. J——" said the manager, determinedly, "you must just do this job. I have the bills already printed announcing the drama to be played tomorrow night, with your name as author."

And sure

A feat apparently simple, but which few athletes could accomplish.

Google

enough he hauled out a bill still reeking with undried printers' ink, and bearing this announcement:

THE CURSE OF CRIME!

BERTOLDI,

THE GIRL WONDER OF THE WORLD WILL APPEAR IN THE

SECOND ACT!

History does not relate the sequel of the story, but doubtless the author rose to the occasion and produced a drama capable of adequately harrowing an audience somewhat critical on such matters.

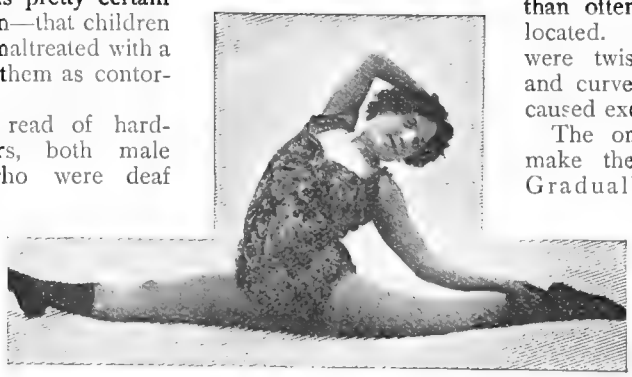
To some people the performance of a contortionist is a most unpleasant experience.

Visions of how the performer acquired the power to twist and turn as though devoid of bones, assume the most horrifying shape.

Mdlle. Bertoldi packing herself into the smallest possible dimensions.

It may have happened in the past—indeed, it is pretty certain that it did happen—that children were frightfully maltreated with a view to training them as contortionists.

We have all read of hard-hearted monsters, both male and female, who were deaf to the cries and supplications of children, sometimes their own and sometimes hired, or bought, or even stolen.



In this feat the shoulders twist round apparently unconnected with the lower limbs.

The joints were forced until more than often they were dislocated. The little bodies were twisted into angles and curves that must have caused excruciating agony.

The one idea was to make the child supple. Gradually the constant torture brought about this result, or, at any rate, effected it to a point. When that point had been reached the child had become capable of bringing to its owner some return for the money and time that had been expended on it.

Mdlle. Bertoldi grasps the movable end of a rod in her mouth and, sitting on her head, spins rapidly round.

Things are changed now—or it is generally thought that they are. Mdlle. Bertoldi is a contortionist, yet never once has she suffered pain in acquiring her art. A true contortionist is born, not made, and all that is required is practice andpatience in order to do full justice to one's gift.

The joints may grow comparatively stiff if allowed to remain idle. But Mdlle. Bertoldi, like most clever contortionists of to-day, can go through her performance without a vestage of suffering or the very least discomfort. It has come natural to her to achieve what she has.

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DEVONSHIRE PIXIES.

BY EDMUND F. BALL.

"Little pixy fair and slim,
Without a rag to cover him."

So runs an old rhyme. Such may have been the case in the days of long ago; but the prevailing growth of civilisation has extended even to these little elves, therefore it is rarely that they are now seen without their gaudy dress.

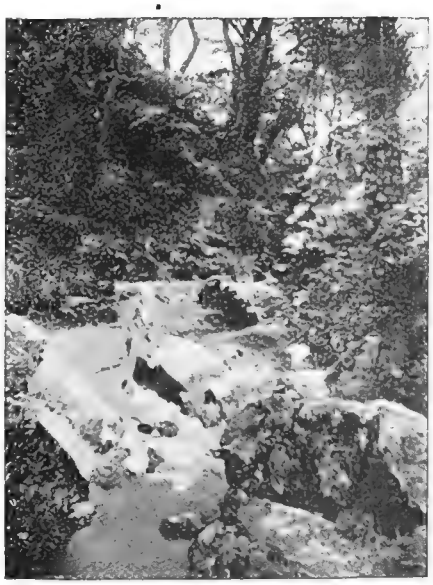
To the uninitiated I may say that the Devonshire Pixies (or "pisgies," as they are sometimes called), although not heard of a great deal in the larger towns, have still many firm believers among the country-folk. They are about 18ins. in height, and are not usually seen by day, but in the night-time are supposed to be *en evidence*. They are naturally a mischievous race, and the country people are always the sufferers. A very common game of theirs is to lead travellers from the right road, so making them lose their way, which is termed being "pixy-led."

It is impossible to enumerate their various pranks, but from the following the reader will gather that there is absolutely no limit to the mischief these tiny sprites are capable of doing.

Even now, in North Devon, the belief in the pixies—coupled with the darkness — is so great that the yokels (I am speaking of full-grown men) will not dare to venture out of doors after dusk without the "guiding light" of a lantern.

But it is to Dartmoor we must go if we would know more of the fantastic tricks and antics of this elfin race. In choosing this lovely country as their principal rendezvous, they show a keen appreciation of the beautiful.

The very marked fact of having places named after these creatures can only be regarded as instances of the depth of the superstition concerning the pixies held by the early Devonians. Of the Dartmoor haunts similarly named, we have the Pixies' Cave at Sheepstor, Pixies' House at Chudleigh, Pixies' Holt (hole) at Hexworthy, Puckie (Pixie) Stone near Chagford, and Pixies' Parlour on the banks of the Teign.



Chudleigh Glen.

The "Pixies' Parlour" is one of the "lions" of ancient Chudleigh. It is to be found near the "Glen," another famous resort of the pixies. The "Parlour" is a rude cave, whose entrance is partially hidden by the roots of old trees. When visiting this cavern—to be in keeping with the country-folk, the visitor should place an offering for the pixies before he leaves, on the large

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stone to be found near the entrance. As they are not extravagant in their tastes a pin will suffice, or a piece of rag—provided it

Dartmeet.

is sufficient to make a garment for one of these little people.

Some of the chief resorts of these "little people" were by the riverside, consequently the older of the bridges are still regarded by some to be their meeting places.

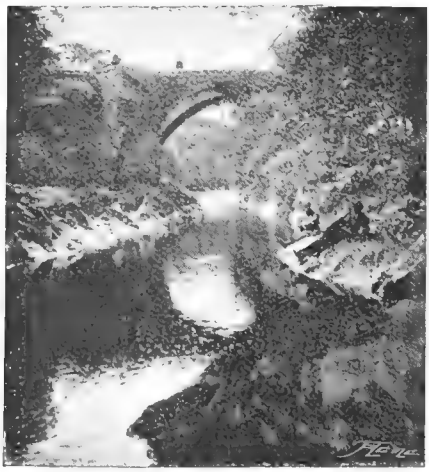
Holne Bridge, near Ashburton, has many connections with them. It was near here that a poor farmer, who could not afford to employ an extra hand to assist him in threshing his corn, was materially helped in the matter by the pixies. On his way to the barn one morning he thought he heard the sounds of laughter proceeding from within. Cautiously peeping through a crevice in the door, he was mighty pleased to see about thirty of these tiny sprites engaged in threshing his corn.

Knowing that if they were disturbed they would cease work and disappear, he went about his labours in a different part of the yard, and did not return to the scene of their operations till the next morning, when he found the pixies had got through as much threshing as would have taken him three days to do himself.

Being of an inquisitive nature, he could not restrain his curiosity any longer, and carefully entering the building, hid behind some sheaves. After watching for some time, the unthreshed corn which guarded his hiding-place was required by the pixies, and so he was discovered, which resulted in their hurried exit, to the chagrin of the too-curious farmer.

Had he done what another farmer did, who had a visit from these active little goblins—*i.e.*, placed near the scene of their work some bread, cheese, and cider for their use—the ending might have been different. From the foregoing it will be gathered that, although they have a keen delight in doing mischief, they are sometimes supremely happy if they can do a good turn.

Many curious tales are told by pixy-led travellers. A popular story concerns a loving young couple of Dartmoor. The lass lived at Huccaby, near Hexworthy, and the youthful swain resided at Postbridge—nearly five miles distant. Now this gay young "Lothario," to interview his fair "Dulcinea" undertook the lonely tramp nearly every evening of the week after his arduous duties of farm-labouring was over. His route lay over Lakeshead Hill and by the rugged rocks of Bellsford Tor—a very solitary journey. One night the ardent lover stayed at his lady-love's house longer than was his wont, and on reaching the Tor he was surprised—or, I should say, astounded—at beholding a host of pixies, dressed in most fantastic costumes, dancing on a level piece of velvety turf. On seeing him the mischievous little urchins hastily formed a circle around him, and he felt compelled to dance and join in the merriment. Soon some more joined the party, and perching themselves upon the surrounding rocks laughed and shouted in their glee. In vain did the unlucky fellow try to get away; he found it impossible to break through the



Holne Bridge, Dartmoor.

bewitching ring. How long he remained in this predicament it is not known, but it is certain that on this particular occasion he

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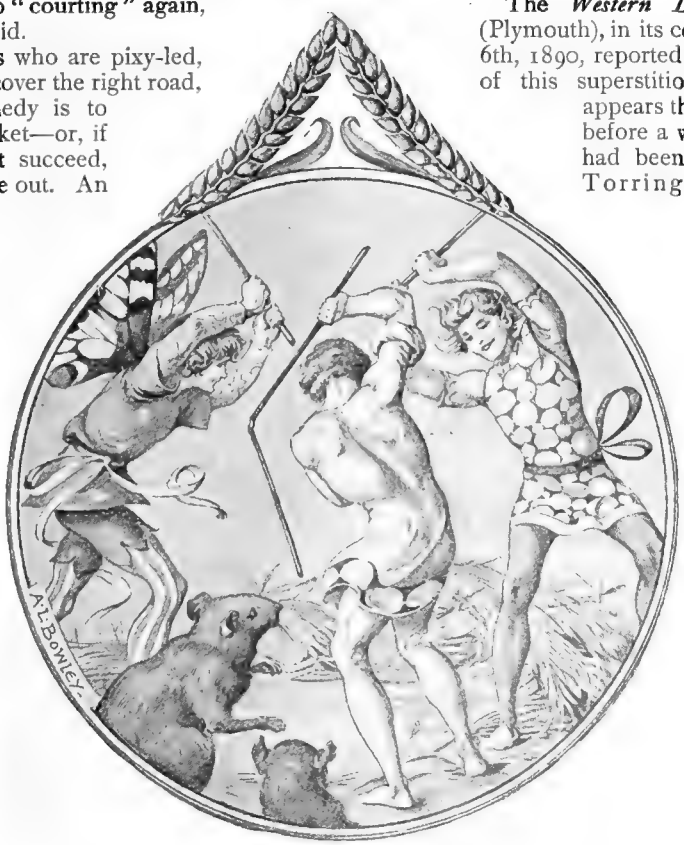
did not arrive at Postbridge until daybreak, when his tale was received with no small amount of interest. This nocturnal adventure *may* be accounted for by the lover having regaled himself—ere he parted from his fair lady—by something stronger than water, which would account for the *spirits* getting into his head, and yet it seems hardly possible, for that night's experience left such an impression upon him, that he declared he would never go "courting" again, and he never did.

To travellers who are pixy-led, and cannot discover the right road, a reputed remedy is to turn one's pocket—or, if this should not succeed, the coat—inside out. An instance of this is related of some young people who had occasion to walk one night from Cornwood to Tolland by way of Harford. On reaching a "new-take" (a piece of ground set aside for the keeping of cattle, and walled in to prevent them straying), they were unable to find their way out of the enclosure. After wandering about for some time they concluded they must be "pixy-led," so one of the number divested himself of his outer garment and turned it inside out, with the result that they very soon found the gate. The old Bridge at Harford—spanning the Erme—is said to be a favourite resort of the pixies.



A poor farmer was helped in his threshing by the pixies.

An infallible remedy, however, for travellers placed in so annoying a predicament, should they come across water, is to immerse their hands therein. The tradition connected with Fitz's Well, near Princetown, affords a good instance of the virtue of water in such cases. The story runs that in the middle of the sixteenth century Sir John Fitz and his lady, whilst riding across Dartmoor, fell under the spell of these sprites and were unable to find their way home.

Chancing to come across a well they placed their hands in the water and found the road in a surprisingly quick space of time.

This well may still be seen, and bears the legend "J. F., 1568."

The *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth), in its columns of June 6th, 1890, reported a curious case of this superstitious belief. It appears that a day or two before a woodcutter who had been working near Torrington, North Devon, at the close of the day left his companions to go farther into the wood for the purpose of fetching a tool he had left there. Arriving at the spot he stooped to pick it up when a strange feeling came over him and he felt utterly powerless to rise.

At that moment he heard peals of discordant laughter around him, and felt convinced he was under the influence of the pixies. In this uncomfortable position he says he remained for over five hours, and was then only able to crawl away on his hands and knees. At length he fell into a stream, and on pulling himself out he recognised his whereabouts and made the best of his way home. This would tend to show that up to quite recent years the wicked pixies have played their pranks.

What is the kind of sport these little elves indulge in with the farmer's horses and

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The mischievous little urchins hastily formed a circle round him.

Dartmoor ponies is not exactly known; but the frequently exhausted condition of these animals in the mornings, when they are required for work, shows plainly—to the Dartmoor folk—that the elfin race have been enjoying themselves during the preceding night.

A story is current of a farmer's boy at Dartmoor who, being despatched to a large new-take early one morning to bring in the horses, saw them racing madly round the enclosure, each with a diminutive rider on its back, clinging to the mane and urging the steed on its wild career. Noticing the appearance of the lad, however, the pixies guided the animals to the farther end of the plot, and, dismounting quickly, disappeared among the furze and bracken.

Harford Bridge, South Devon.

Afterwards, in relating his account of the skilful manner in which the horses were managed, the boy remarked in the usual Dartmoor dialect, that "'Twudn' tha fust toime that they pisgies had bin up ta thackey!"

Just another pixy tale and we will conclude.

There was an old woman who lived at Drewsteignton, Dartmoor, who, knowing the pixies' fondness for certain flowers, planted some special cuttings in a part of her garden for their exclusive use. This act the pixies greatly appreciated, and showed great kindness to the old lady. It is even said that they helped her in her household work.

After a time, however, the lady died, and her place was taken by a harsh old man, who detested the word "pixy," and who rooted up the "pixy garden" in a most summary manner, and first utilised it as a potato ground. It so happened that nothing would grow there — except weeds — and up to the last (the house is now torn down and the garden used for other purposes) there was as grand a bed of "nettles and thistles" as could be seen in any part of the country, clearly proving—to the Dartmoor folk—that the story of the "pixy garden" was no mere myth.

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The Story of a Fan

By Katherine Renell.

I.

"It is my first ball," said Lady Dolly, "and I intend to enjoy myself awfully."

The Countess looked up from her letter-writing and smiled.

"You are sure to do that," she said significantly, "the Colonel is going."

"Jack Meredith," rejoined her daughter, also significantly, "is going too, I believe."

This time the Countess did not smile.

"Colonel Hayes is rich," she murmured.

"And old," added Lady Dolly, pouting.

"Exactly forty-nine," corrected the Countess severely, "to eighteen, it may possibly be old, but to fifty-eight it is comparatively young. Jack Meredith is infantine——"

"Twenty-three," quickly.

"He is poor," said the Countess practically.

"He has beautiful eyes," murmured pretty Lady Dolly sentimentally.

The Countess's handsome eyebrows met in a straight black frown.

"Colonel Hayes," she said stiffly, "tells me he is an idle young scamp, and nothing, my dear Dolly, but an empty-headed flirt—"

"And Jack Meredith," promptly, "told me only yesterday that Colonel Hayes was a perfect old beast, and there were things in his past life which, well as he knew me, he should blush to repeat——"

The Countess rose abruptly from her chair.

"Where are you going, mamma dear?" said Lady Dolly, standing on the edge of the fender and looking at her charming face in the glass.

The Countess was already at the door. "To think," with tragic severity, "that your father and I should have been put to the expense and enormous inconvenience of bringing our only child out to Malta just to satisfy one of her selfish whims, and then that she should repay our kindness like this! I am going to tell him about this nonsense between you and young Meredith, this—this flirting. It must be put a stop to, and *at once*."

Lady Dolly arranged two little curls on her forehead with fastidious care. "You are right, mamma dear," very sweetly. "We have really been going a little too far. Why, the audacious boy actually sent me a present this morning in honour, as he said, of my first ball! It was a white feather fan, such a beauty, and quite the biggest I have ever seen. Oh yes, our flirtation must be put a stop to—and very soon."

Lady Dolly felt herself enfolded within a pair of stout motherly arms.

"My sweet daughter," murmured the Countess, "my own, dutiful child——"

Two absolutely irresistible dimples appeared on each of Lady Dolly's pink young cheeks.

"Yes, mamma. Jack and I were talking it over this very afternoon—he was here just before you came in, and was so sorry not to be able to stop and see you—we both came to the conclusion that flirting, after all, was very dull work; so we intend to put a stop to it in about six weeks—for we are going to be married!"

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II.

"You have danced with young Meredith," said Colonel Hayes pettishly, "exactly seven times. I noticed his initials on your programme when you gave it to me to put down my name for my *one* meagre dance. You are very cruel."

He bent forward slightly in his chair, and waved a big white feather fan slowly backwards and forwards in front of Lady Dolly's face. The girl looked up at him with a swift bewildering smile.

"You are very cruel, too," she murmured. "You have said nothing yet about my dress, and I have been thinking of absolutely nothing else for the last three weeks. Don't you think it is pretty?"

The Colonel glanced at the billowy masses of white silk and chiffon, and his stern features relaxed into a smile.

"It is a dream," he murmured gallantly.

Lady Dolly smiled again.

"And this fan," pointing to the one which he held in his hand; "is it not a beauty? Mr Meredith gave it to me."

The Colonel closed it up quickly and gave it back to her with a frown.

"Meredith, always Meredith!" he said, impatiently. This is humiliating, indeed, when I am supplanted by a subaltern in my own regiment. Dolly! Dolly! Do you know that when you talk of him you drive me mad with jealousy? But I will be mad no longer, I ——"

"Answer me," he said sternly.

Lady Dolly got up suddenly from her seat and stood in front of him. Her blue eyes were flashing dangerously, and some of the pretty colour had faded from her cheeks.

"You *are* mad!" she said, scornfully. "For you forget, I think, what you are doing. You have no right to talk to me like this. Colonel Hayes, what do you mean?"

The Colonel got up too. His face, as well as the girl's, had suddenly grown white, and underneath his heavy grey moustache his mouth was hard and stern.

"I mean this," he said slowly, "that I love you, and I want you for my wife. That I am a man of the world, and old enough to be your father, and that you are nothing but a beautiful, wilful child I know, but that makes no difference to my love. Dolly, I am forty-nine, and you are eighteen, but I offer you myself—to do what you like with—to take into your hand."

Almost imperceptibly the girl shuddered, and drew a step further away, but the Colonel noticed it, and the mouth underneath the grey moustache grew even sterner. He came closer and took hold of her hand. Of a truth, he looked the kind of man that most women would fear.

"Answer me," he said sternly, "I am no boy, remember, to be played with, but a man. Answer me!"

The faint colour in Lady Dolly's cheeks grew even fainter. One hand, which she had vainly tried to disengage, was still in the Colonel's iron grasp—what would she not have given to have been able to get it away! With the other she was holding tightly on to the soft whiteness of a closed-up feather fan. Somehow in the contact with it, she seemed to feel some protection against the man she disliked, for it brought nearer to her the presence of the man she loved.

There was a wild fluttering at her heart. This man was actually hurting her, his grasp upon her fingers was like an iron vice, the expression in his eyes was that of a wild beast eager for his prey. That he loved her she did not doubt; but oh, such love! Lady Dolly shuddered again; the fierce passion of it frightened her. What, oh, what could she say to

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him? With a sudden wild impulse she thought of what the heroines in some of the novels she had read said on such occasions. Surely—surely they, who seemed to have so much experience in love-making, must know what was right?

She dropped her eyes demurely on to the ground.

"You honour me," she said gravely, with a gravity, however, which sat but strangely on her youthful face—"above all women. I am deeply appreciative, but—"

The Colonel came a step nearer. She could feel his hot breath upon her cheek.

"There must be no 'buts,'" he said, harshly, "I——"

With an exclamation that was something like a sob of terror, Lady Dolly at last wrenched her hand away from his, and looked wildly round the conservatory in a last hope of escape. A tall young man, of extremely youthful appearance, and wearing a collar which looked inches too big for him, was peering nervously round the doorway.

Throwing dignity, shyness, maidenly reserve, and everything else that is considered decorous in the behaviour of a young lady in a ball-room, to the winds, Lady Dolly gave a little cry, and, running up to him, seized hold of both his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton!" she cried, "I *am* so glad to see you! This is our dance, I know, number eleven—the Washington Post."

Mr. Hamilton, the youngest and most bashful subaltern in the regiment, who, at the beginning of the evening had summoned up sufficient courage to enable him to ask Lady Dolly for dance number eleven, and had received a severe refusal, and been snubbed in return, was too overcome with surprise at this sudden good fortune to do anything but stare incredulously down at the little gloved hand resting on his arm, and thank his stars that he was going to dance with the prettiest girl in the room at last.

The Colonel, however, whose one good point was that he always kept his head in an emergency, stalked up at once, his stern face growing even sterner.

"Pardon me," stiffly, "but Lady Dolly, I believe, is engaged to *me* for this."

"No! No! No!" cried Lady Dolly, who, now that she was sheltered beneath the protection of young Hamilton's manly form, felt her former terror of the stern Colonel considerably evaporating. "Mr. Hamilton asked me for this dance first—he really did, and I—I gave it to him—only—your initials are

A tall young man of extremely youthful appearance was peering nervously round the doorway.

so alike that—that is how—is how I began to dance it with you instead."

And with the lips of youth and innocence sullied by the utterance of this base untruth, Lady Dolly swept out of the conservatory.

III.

Jack Meredith had just ensconced his last partner with her chaperone, and was strolling back into the ball-room to look for his next, who, it is almost needless to say, was Lady Dolly. The first strains of a waltz had begun to fill the room with their soft cadence, and one by one the different couples were taking their places. Failing to see the object of his search, the young man was just turning to look elsewhere, when a woman brushed against him in the crowd, and paused a moment to murmur an apology. As she did so their eyes met, and Jack, with a muttered exclamation, started back.

"Good God! Millicent! *You* here?" he cried, and there was an inflection of horror in his voice mingled with the astonishment.

For a moment the look of surprise in the woman's eyes changed to one of fear, and she made a hurried movement, as if to turn and flee. Then suddenly, as if acting on an

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unconquerable impulse, she turned back and caught hold of both his hands.

"Ah, Jack!" she cried, and there was a sound in her voice that was almost like a sob. "Thank God I met you! You were always good to me, don't—don't turn from me, like all the others did, but be good to me once again—just for the sake of the dear old days when we were children. Jack, Philip is here, and I have only just discovered it. Help me to escape from him."

Then the horror in Jack's eyes slowly faded away, leaving nothing but a great pity and a greater tenderness. All the manliness and the nobility and the chivalry within him rose up at the sight of this woman's misery, and, bending down from his great height, he put one hand protectingly on her arm.

"I'll stand by you, little woman," he said gently. "By Jove! I'd do anything to save you from that brute. But come in here, Milly, it's quieter—we can't discuss state secrets in this awful crowd, and I want to hear all about this."

Jack drew two chairs into the shadow.

He led her swiftly and silently through the now rapidly filling ballroom into the conservatory, where, save for one other couple who had just discovered that they were in love with each other, and were too much absorbed in their own affairs to take any notice of other people's, they were quite alone. Jack drew two chairs into the shadow, and placed his companion in one.

"There," he said, drawing the other one close and sitting down in it himself, "Now we are safe. Tell me all about it, Milly; but, first of all, why were you such a —— confounded idiot as to come back here?"

The woman leant back in her chair and sighed. She was a pretty little thing and still quite young, though the hard lines which grief had drawn round her face made her appear older than she really was. There was an expression in her big brown eyes which somehow reminded one of Jack.

"I will tell you all," she said in a low voice, playing nervously with her fan, "I stayed in Boulogne, as you know, for two years after—" There was a slight catch in her breath, and Jack's eyes, as he listened, grew suddenly sterner. "After the divorce, but I got so sick of the place and the people were so horrid, that when I suddenly ran up against my dear old school-fellow, Lady Dagmar, and she asked me to come and live with her in Malta, as she was widowed and all alone, I was only too delighted, and came at once. I—I was widowed too, you know—" with again that piteous catch in her breath—"and—and the arrangement seemed a most suitable one in every way, for we were both lonely women, and Clara, like the angel that she always was, did not mind the dreadful secret which has made such a wreck of my life. That is how you find me here tonight, Jack, we were invited to this ball, and—and we came. I knew that most of the officers of the Royal Lancashire were also to be invited; but do you think that if I had known for one moment that Philip was the Colonel in command I should have come?" He was not in that regiment when—when I last knew him."

"He exchanged," Jack answered, sternly. "Life got a bit too hot for him, I fancy, in his old regiment when the fellows found out the pretty way in which he had been behaving to his wife. But I was gazetted to this confounded Royal Lancashire, worse luck, and you can judge of my delight when I found that Major Hayes—he was major when I

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joined, you know—was in the same regiment. But I say, little woman."—the stern inflection in his voice changing to one of genuine anxiety and concern—"the brute will find you out. What on earth will you do?"

"Leave Malta as soon as possible! Never, as long as I live, will I speak to that man again. Oh, Jack!——"

She broke off suddenly, an expression of abject terror in her voice, and Jack, following the direction of those frightened brown eyes, looked towards the door. Colonel Hayes, with a lady upon his arm, was entering. Millicent drew back further into the shadow, shuddering.

"He must not see me," she whispered. "My God! Keep him from seeing me!"

Jack got up and stood silent for a moment. His tall figure, as it towered above that of the shrinking, frightened woman, almost hid it from view.

"No," he said, slowly, "he must not see you."

Then his eyes, which had been riveted anxiously to the Colonel's face, fell suddenly upon something white which was lying on the floor, almost at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, and as he unfolded it his face, which had grown haggard with sudden anxiety, broke out into a smile. It was Lady Dolly' feather fan.

"Our salvation," he murmured, fervently, sitting down again in his chair, and bending forward in exaggerated attitude of affection, while he spread the fan out and held it in front of his partner until it completely hid her neck and face. "The Colonel will only think I am carrying on a tremendous flirtation with some charming girl, and it will be absolutely impossible for him to see who she is."

Jack was right, the Colonel did think so, only Lady Dolly, unfortunately entering the conservatory just then by another door, thought the same thing too.

IV.

"THERE can be no satisfactory explanation," said Lady Dolly freezingly, pouring herself out another cup of tea, "I saw you distinctly. Both your heads were close together, behind my fan—the one you gave me, too—the audacity of you both!——and I should think from the way in which you carefully kept them there that you had been kissing her—the abandoned creature!"

It was the next day. They were sitting in the Countess's drawing-room, whither Jack had flown as soon as he conveniently could after the ball, to demand and give an explanation. They were sitting opposite each other, with the Countess's pretty silver-laden tea-table between them. Lady Dolly petulant and wilful, Jack, on the other hand, moody and occasionally inclined to a touch of cynical bitterness.

"If my explanation," he said drily, putting down his cup and beginning, after the manner of a man when he is annoyed, to pace up and down the room, "is unsatisfactory; your's, I consider, is eminently more so. May I ask why you cut those last three dances—for which you were engaged to *me*, remember—and had them with that infernal cad Hayes instead?"

Lady Dolly got up too, and, holding the skirts of her white muslin dress back with one hand, dropped him a mocking and exasperating little curtsey. "You will kindly be careful, Mr. Meredith, of the manner in which you speak of my future husband."

Jack Meredith paused in his rapid walk round the room and came to an abrupt stand-still exactly opposite the spot where Lady Dolly was standing. His blue eyes were flashing with a fierce light, and some of the honest sun-burn seemed to have faded from his face.

"Good God!" he cried, "you have never been such a little fool as to go as far as that?"

Then he came a step nearer, and took hold of both her hands.

"And I thought you hated him!" he added.

And so she did. But Jack had yet to learn that a jealous woman will forfeit anything, from her chances of happiness in this world to her immortal soul and her hopes of bliss in the next—on the altar of pique.

For a moment they were silent, standing opposite each other, with their hands clasped, staring dumbly, miserably, into each other's eyes. Then Jack dropped the girl's hand suddenly and walked over to the fireplace, where he leant his elbow on the mantelpiece and supported his head with his hand.

"And all," he said, bitterly, "because of a miserable misunderstanding about—a fan!"

There was another silence. Lady Dolly stood just where he had left her, with her head bent, and a half-wistful, half-repentant expression on her pretty face, but she did not speak, and when at last words were spoken between them it was again Jack who uttered them.

"And you will never be able to get out of

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it now, never; Colonel Hayes is not the man to let a girl slip out of his grasp when once he has got her. And I always told you he was as big a scoundrel——" Lady Dolly raised her head. Her face was flushed and red, and her eyes flashed angrily. "And he always told me," she cried, "what a flirt you were, and that you were only playing with me all the time, and so, when I saw you last night with that—that abandoned creature, I believed what he had said, and—and—when he asked me to dance with him again I said yes, and—and—"

"And you said 'yes,' too, to something else he asked you, didn't you?" interrupted Jack, cynically. "And all before you had even asked me for an explanation, when I should have thought you might have trusted me, Dolly——"

Her Ladyship, who had a temper of her own, here interrupted by stamping a small, daintily shod foot on the floor.

"Just as if I wanted to know"—angrily—"who the creature was! As if it wouldn't be adding insult to injury now to tell me her name! Perhaps it was that dressed up Vivian girl, whom Colonel Hayes told me you flirted with so outrageously before I came out, or that horrid, fast Mrs. Lucas; flirts generally prefer *married* women, I have noticed."

Jack lifted his head from his hand and looked full into Lady Dolly's face. The girl, struck by the expression in his eyes, stopped talking, and waited, as if impelled by some magnetic influence, for what he had to say.

"I don't want to take any notice, Dolly," he said slowly, "of the things you have just said, you are a spoilt, wilful child, too angry to know what you are really saying, and perhaps, under the circumstances it is excusable. But what I do want to know is this"—calmly—"and I intend to have an answer. Is this misunderstanding between us going to cause the end of everything—are all the vows of love and fidelity which have passed between us to count as nothing now, but be brushed away with as little compunction as we forget a dream in the morning—are you absolutely firm in your determination to marry Colonel Hayes?"

"Absolutely," in a firm voice.

Jack put his elbow down on the mantelpiece again, and leant his head on his hand. His face had grown very white, and there were deep lines of pain round his mouth. He took up a little china ornament off the mantelpiece and began fingering it with mechanical carelessness, as if scarcely knowing what he was doing. Then he put it back again, and at the same time raised his head.

"Then," he said, in a cold hard voice, "there is nothing more to be said, I think?"

He walked across to where Lady Dolly was standing, and held out his hand. The girl took it for a moment in hers.

"Nothing," she said, in the same tone.

Jacked walked towards the door. When he got there he looked round once more, and paused.

"Except," he said, gravely, "my explanation. Perhaps it would, in the end, prove more satisfactory to us both if I cleared myself. The devil is always allowed his due, you know"—freezingly—"you were not anxious, and perhaps it was only natural, to know who the lady I was flirting so outrageously with behind your fan really *was*. It is not a very pleasant story, and I have always been particularly careful to keep it from

The girl stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her.

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you hitherto, but since you are soon to be so closely related to Colonel Hayes I think it only just to you that you should hear it. That lady, instead of being Miss Vivian or even Mrs. Lucas, was a girl who I used to know many years ago; in fact, I might almost say, all my life——"

He paused for a moment, as if in expectation for Lady Dolly to speak, but she did not say anything, and after a minute or two he went on again.

"She is the girl who, unhappily for her, was married to Colonel Hayes in England exactly five years ago when she was only nineteen, and who, less than two years after, was obliged to obtain a divorce."

Again Jack paused, and looked across at Lady Dolly. But the girl still stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her head bent. There was nothing in her attitude—not even the flicker of an eyelid—to betray to him that she had even heard.

Jack went on again.

"And," very gravely, "the reason I had for not telling you this before was because Colonel Hayes was closely related to my own family, and she—she is my sister. . . ."

Then he opened the door very quickly and turned to go. But the woman in the girl and her love rose beyond all petulance and pride. The Colonel and all fear or thought for him was forgotten.

"Jack, Jack," she whispered, "I'm—I'm sorry," and she held out her hands.

A CHINESE PRAYER-SHOP.

THE Chinaman is nothing if not religious, and his religion takes many curious forms. For instance, in his own way the Chinaman probably prays more than any other man on the earth, and quite a big business is done in the Celestial Empire by tradesmen who keep what are known as prayer-shops.

To offer the many thousands of prayers prescribed by his Faith would take the Buddhist far too long to enable him to carry out the ordinary avocations of life, and so he compromises matters by purchasing little slips of paper or parchment, with the prayers written upon them by priests, and burning these. As the smoke ascends the devotee imagines that his prayers are going up to heaven to be received by the Deity.

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An Assortment of Buddhist Prayers.

The prayers are also used in another way. When a Chinaman sets out on a voyage from his native land, his friends gather on the seashore and release a number of these written prayers, which are carried by the wind to the sea and, thence, as the natives suppose, to all parts of the world. No matter where their absent one may be, prayers are thus being offered for him all over the world.

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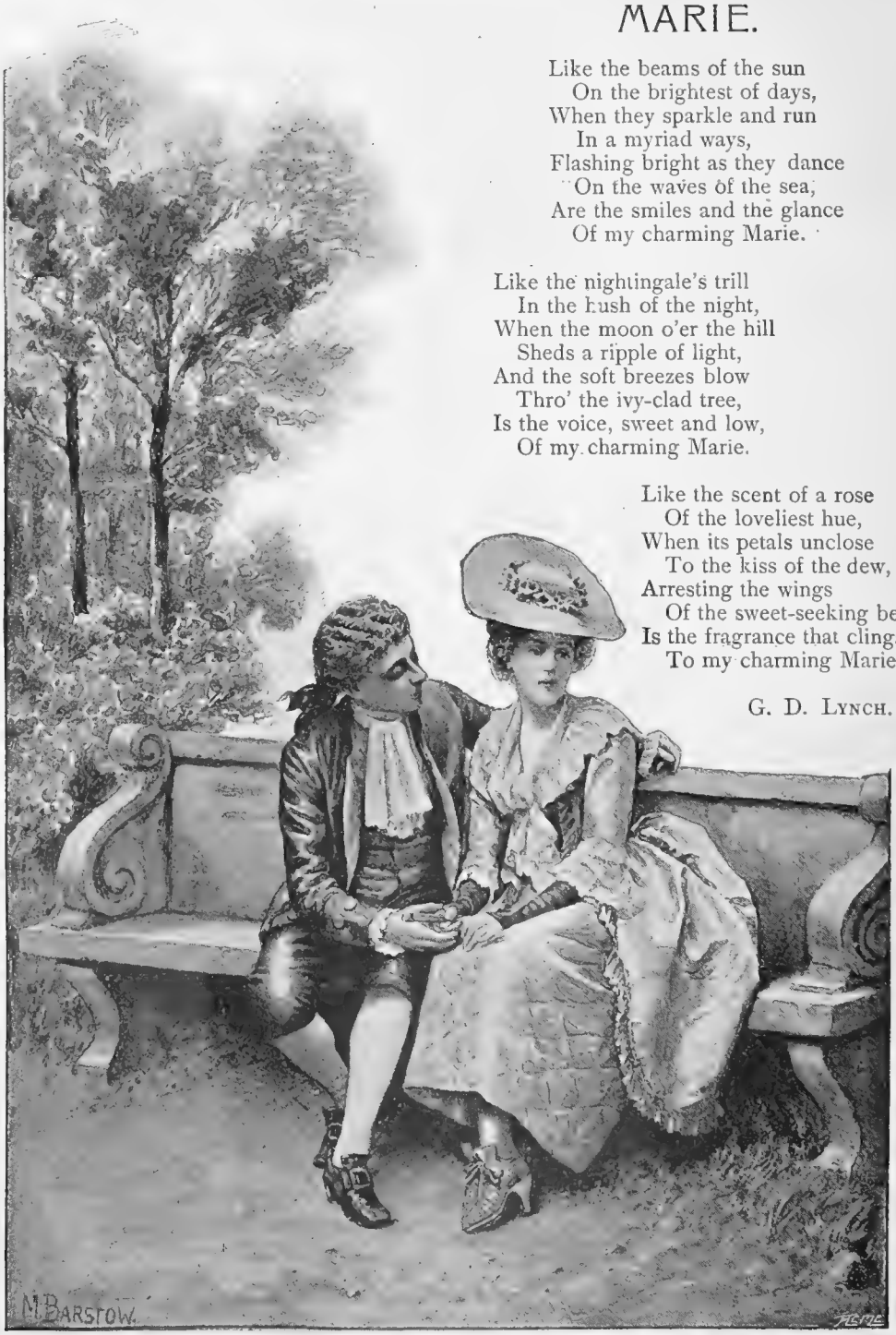
THE CHARMING MARIE.



Like the beams of the sun
On the brightest of days,
When they sparkle and run
In a myriad ways,
Flashing bright as they dance
On the waves of the sea,
Are the smiles and the glance
Of my charming Marie.

Like the nightingale's trill
In the hush of the night,
When the moon o'er the hill
Sheds a ripple of light,
And the soft breezes blow
Thro' the ivy-clad tree,
Is the voice, sweet and low,
Of my charming Marie.

Like the scent of a rose
Of the loveliest hue,
When its petals unclose
To the kiss of the dew,
Arresting the wings
Of the sweet-seeking bee,
Is the fragrance that clings
To my charming Marie.

G. D. LYNCH.

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Ye May-daye Festeval.

By Philip Hemery.

Photographs by Taunt.

In this crowded, tiny island of ours there seems to be but little room for the survival of the picturesque and the historic. The vandal hand of the jerry-builder and the iron maw of engineering enterprise is devouring the land. It is, therefore, all the more refreshing when one happens upon any survival of the dead days of chivalry, a relic of the times when silken doublet and cotton hose ruled in place of fustian and broadcloth.

Campden is a little town nestling at the foot of the Cotswolds, on the borders of as historic a county as any in England, only some few miles away from Stratford-on-Avon, the town that gave the world William Shakespeare.

For three or four hundred years, without interruption, Campden has every May-day burst out into revelry, and pays homage to-day, as did its fathers and grandfathers before it, to the most beautiful season of the year, the promise of warm days and golden harvest to come.

Our first photograph shows the May Queen, chosen, of course, by popular vote, enthroned in state, surrounded by her courtiers and maids of honour. The second shows the May-pole dance, at which "Her Majesty," still enthroned, presides.

Our other photographs show the May-day floral festival and procession, headed by the toy band, the members of which make up for any deficiency in *timbre* by the prodigality with which they use their healthy young lungs.

And, lastly, there are the Morrice dancers. There is but little doubt that the origin of our English May-day Festival takes its form from the Floralia of ancient Rome. The may-pole existed then as a symbol of Nature's fruitfulness; the processions, branch-bearing, music, and dancing were all acts of homage to Flora, the goddess of flowers.

But it is to be feared that the good people of Campden do not bother themselves much with dead symbolism. May-day is for them a day simply and solely of jollification.

The Queen of the May is chosen, and into her hands is given the control and direction of the revels upon the village green. Her duty is not to take part in the dance itself, but to overlook and superintend it from her throne of state, where she remains seated after her coronation has been duly completed.

The Morrice, or Morris dance, which Robin Hood and his merry men were wont to perform, is supposed to be the nearest our English speech could get to Moorish, for from the Moors the dance comes.

Although the gentlemen in "billy-cocks" in the photograph may not present the appearance of being such, neither do they very likely know it themselves, they are, nevertheless, supposed to be counterfeit presentments of Robin Hood and his archers; Robin Hood having become to be considered inaugurator of the May-day revels, perhaps on account of his sylvan arts and prowess as bowman.

The Morris dancers of Campden are not so much remarkable for grace of movement as for their indefatigability. The man in the peaked cap drives the "horse" beside him, to an accompaniment of many lusty blows from the bladder he carries in his left hand. The six stalwart yokels go through the somewhat rudimentary dances, the pads of bells at their knees playing a jingly accompaniment as they gyrate.

The fandango, from which comes the original of the Morris dance, is one of the

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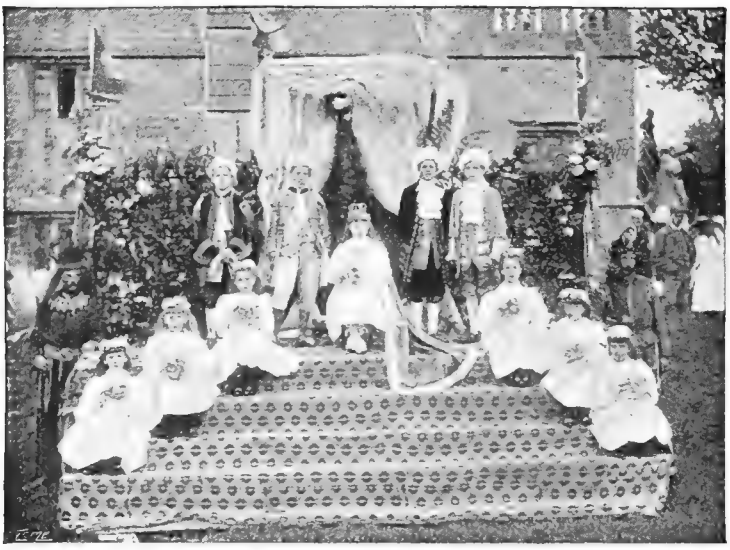

Her Majesty the Queen of the May.

very oldest dances in existence. It comes originally from Spain, from the words meaning to dance to the accompaniment of guitar or castanets, though it is to be feared that the Morris dancers of Campden are not aware of the origin of their gambols. In mediæval times the Morris dance must have been of quaint and graceful beauty, imbued more or less with the warmth and spontaneous "abandon" of its sunny southern exponents. Now it is to be feared they are conspicuous more by reason of a sturdy, uncompromisingly English love of horse-play.

The May-pole is quite a usual erection in the Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire villages, though Campden is the place *par excellence* to view a real, genuine "May Meeting."

Cromwell and his Ironsides have had many sins laid to their charge, therefore it is not surprising to learn that it was made punishable by law by Master Oliver to erect a May-pole, or to go through with May-day festivities.

"It was idolatrous," quoth the old Puritan, "this sacrificing to the Goddess of Flowers and Dame Nature." But the Restoration wiped out all Cromwell's good (!) offices. The gaudy May-pole reared up its head again, the May Queen assumed her brief sovereignty, the Morris dancers swayed and postured, the toy bands screamed, the revellers "processed," much the same as they do in Campden to-day.

To the average Londoner May-day as at Campden is an unknown quantity. London has its cart-horse parade, its desultory processions of grimy, copper-seeking children, the knowledge that summer is at hand.

On May-day in London, if Nature be kind, there comes a pleasant sense of renewed life and enjoyment. The tops of omnibuses are crowded; the summer four-in-hands are starting, resplendent in new paint and glittering harness. The Academy and other picture shows are throwing open their doors, the parks are putting on their gayest clothes, and the demonstrator from the East End,

The Maypole Dance.

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The Toy Band Marching Past.

the paid agitator of the oppressed, stretches himself on the green sward, previous to a campaign against the "bloated aristocracy." Contrast all this with the sweet little Cotswold town. May-day in Campden is not the conventional May-day ballet of the music hall. It is not the tawdry imitation that passes for the real article.

It is instead one of the few last links with the past, a reminder of the times renowned in fable and story, a refreshing dip into the forgotten days of English history.

Long may Campden and her Saturnalian revels flourish, if only as what it really is, a very genuine appreciation of the advantages bestowed by Prodigal Dame Nature.

It is much to be regretted that our clerk of the weather in England is so little to be depended upon. It is all very well to deck yourself out gallantly, to wreath yourself with flowers, and foot it bravely on the village green, if the sun be shining from a vault of blue, and the west wind ruffles the tender green of the trees. You can then enter into the spirit of a May-day thanksgiving.

But if a tearing north-easter is sweeping over the Cotswold slopes, driving along with it a nasty cold rain—and this is too often the herald of an English summer—it requires no small amount of stoicism and fortitude to play the mummer in such a farce. I wonder if the May Queen could have put poetry into "I'b to be Queed of the Bay. Bother, I'b to be Queed of the Bay," as she held a handkerchief before her streaming eyes, and shivered in her white flower-decked finery. All the more praise and honour to the Campdenites that they have refused to be subjugated by the vagaries of our exceedingly changeable and capricious weather. I suppose this is what the French would call "taking pleasures sadly." But then I should very much doubt if any Frenchman has ever seen a Campden May-day. At any rate if we do take our pleasures sadly we do not allow them to be utterly spoiled by the hostile elements.

The Morris Dance.

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A gigantic operation about to be commenced. The fresh air of this beautiful spot is to be removed into the lungs of London's poor children.

A GIGANTIC OPERATION.

THIS is the age of big inventions. The light of the nineteenth century will wane upon a world totally different from that upon which it dawned. From one pole to the other, and round its entire girth, the earth has been transformed by inventions and improvements of man, and little that can minister to comfort and enjoyment remains to be achieved. Even sea-water will, it is said, before any great length of time has elapsed, be laid on to every house in our large cities and towns, carried thither in pipes direct from the ocean itself.

Great as this work may seem, it is as nothing compared with the still greater and more urgently needed task of conveying the fresh air of the country into the starved lungs of myriads of poor little city waifs. The idea of pumping the air to London and other great centres of town life through pipes was, of course, dismissed as impracticable, owing to the colossal expense of laying the pipes. A bright idea, however, struck the proprietors of this magazine some years ago, and that was to take the children to the country for a day and let them there breathe the health-giving air themselves and thus fill their lungs at first hand.

This scheme was at any rate practicable, but like the pipe and pump plan it was evident that a large sum of money would be needed to give the little ones their much-needed day's outing in the country, and at the same time to feed them well on that day. Where was the money to come from? Well, the great reading public of Great and Greater Britain came to the rescue, and for the past seven summers thousands of poor little slum children have had the benefit of a day's holiday amid the fields and flowers of the beautiful country.

Now the summer is coming on again, and the organisers of the FRESH AIR FUND are anxious that the generous readers of the ROYAL MAGAZINE should have an opportunity of assisting in the novel and unique charity. A gigantic move forward is to be made this year, and it is hoped that 100,000 children may be sent away for a day's holiday. For this purpose £4,050 is needed.

The FRESH AIR FUND is novel in that no working expenses are taken out of the subscriptions received. Every farthing given goes to the sending away for a day's holiday in the country of some poor little waif who has probably never before seen trees and flowers and grass growing and flourishing. The trifling sum of ninepence will pay for one child's outing, including railway fare and food. The whole of the working expenses, stationery, office rent, and attendants to look after the bairns, etc., are borne jointly by the proprietors of this magazine and the Ragged School Union, of which Mr. John Kirk is the well-known secretary.

When you remember that for so small a sum as ninepence you can bring joy into the heart of a poor little waif of the slums, I am certain that you will not hesitate to at once send off a subscription. All letters, applications for collecting cards, etc., should be addressed to "THE FRESH AIR FUND," ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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Mary Hogan's Narrow Escape.

AFTER you have read the following letter as many times as I have you will agree with the writer of it that Mary Hogan did, under the circumstances described, come as near, poor girl, to a lodging in the churchyard as anyone could, and yet finally escape going there. Her mother tells the story. By comparing the dates named you will see how much time the story—short as it is—covers. Every woman in the land who has children at home will read it with strong interest and pity. For it is the nobility of mothers that they care more for the young ones in the domestic nest than they do for themselves. Yet the stirring up of a natural sympathy is by no means the best result of this little tale. For Mary did not die, and we are told *why* she did not. And it is *that* bit of information which is going to be preserved in thousands of families, perhaps long after the fingers which now write these words shall be too old and stiff to make an intelligible mark on paper.

"In October, 1883," says Mrs. Hogan, "my daughter, Mary, then eleven years old, took a severe cold through sitting in her wet clothes at school. After this she complained of rheumatic pains in her hands and feet, and of weakness. She got on fairly well, however, up to her eighteenth year (1890), when she began to droop, and had no strength for anything. Her appetite left her and she dreaded the sight of food. After eating ever so little she had great pain at the chest, and a dull, gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach.

"She was so much swollen around the body that I was obliged to let out her clothing. She had a cutting pain at the left side, extending from the heart to the top of her shoulder. The rheumatism increased as every week passed; all around the joints being puffed and swollen. She got so weak I had to feed her with bread and milk; and cold, clammy sweats frequently broke over her, taking all the strength out of her. For hours she lay prostrate, unable to move hand or foot.

"I had a doctor attending her who ordered me to wrap her hands and feet in cotton wadding. He gave her medicine which eased her for a short time, and then she had a relapse. The doctor did all he could for my poor girl, but she lingered on until June, 1894, when he gave her a certificate and she was admitted into St. Mary's Hospital, Nenagh.

"There she was treated by three doctors, but at the end of three weeks she was so bad that I removed her home. I now gave up all hope of her ever getting better, and all who saw her thought her time had come. She was now reduced to a skeleton, and *could not even bear a muslin handkerchief to touch her.* And she perspired so much that in three weeks the sweat rotted two bedticks.

"Again and again we thought she was dying, and she was prepared for death (received the last rites of the Church) six times.

"One day in October, 1895, I was in Mr Kenny's shop at Templederry, and he gave me a small book telling about Mother Seigel's Syrup; and I read in it of cases like my daughter's having been cured by this medicine. I got a bottle, and after she had taken it I saw an improvement in her condition. She had less pain and ate better. She continued with it and gradually got stronger. Every day she improved, never looking back, and in four months she was restored to perfect health, and is now strong as ever. I have no doubt that *Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her from an early grave*, and but for it she would be in the churchyard. I tell everyone of this, and you have my permission to publish my statement and refer inquirers to me. (Signed) B. HOGAN, Huntsgrove, Templederry, Templemore, Tipperary Co., Ireland, Sept. 10th, 1897."

This case is well known, and corroborated by numerous friends and neighbours. The grocer, Mr. Thomas Kenny, of whom the Syrup was purchased, vouches for the facts as given in Mrs. Hogan's letter, and adds that they can be implicitly relied upon. Beyond this no comment is necessary; save, perhaps, to say that the rheumatism was the outcome of impure blood, caused by previous dyspeptic conditions, and developed by the cold of which Mrs. Hogan speaks.

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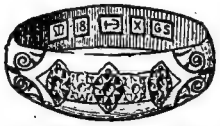

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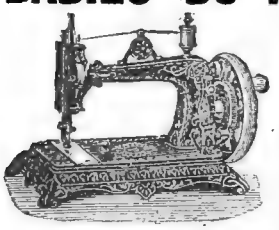

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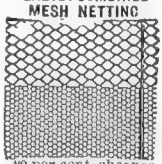

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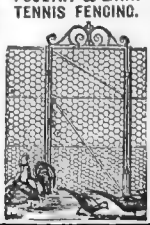

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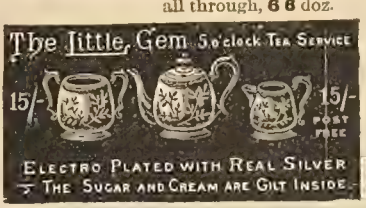

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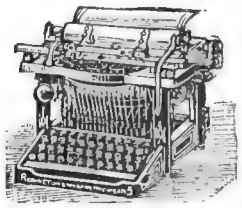

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